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ANGLOPHOBIA IN GERMANY.

Among other lessons which the war has brought home to us, not the least visible is the widespread presence of Anglophobia on the Continent. In its general aspects Anglophobia resembles a malady; it has features in common with the influenza. Both complaints are contagious, epidemic—they are certainly not endemic—intermittent, amenable to treatment, and may, if unwisely neglected, become a serious menace to life, and to the temper of the body politic. The therapeutics of both are simple. We need not labor the analogy. There are no bacilli in Anglophobia, which has a pure culture of its own—obscure, it is true, but withal, psychologically viewed, susceptible of analysis and of definition. Analytical, psychological, introspective examination is an ominous theme. The "Inner man" is quite as perplexing indeed as the "Over man." But if the proper study of mankind is man, it is right that, at times, we should pull up the curtain, turn on the lights, see and be seen; learn that to know others we must learn to know ourselves.

Anglophobia, we know, is rampant on the Continent; the war has lent it wings; it has become systematic, almost a fashion. At the present moment we enjoy the privilege of being

the most talked of, the most hated, the most "isolated" people on the face of the globe; to which distinction we are probably the most callous. Foreigners, "Barbarians" we say and pass on; for we are a busy people and have a big thing before us which commands our attention. Yet in Anglophobia we have a big thing too. I am no alarmist; this is no homily. A well-hated man is generally a man feared. Yet in Anglophobia there is matter for reflection. As a phenomenon it is noteworthy; how much more so speculatively, as a political factor in the shaping of peoples. And this is particularly the case in Germany, where Anglophobia is now almost universal. There, among the people of our great commercial rival, its presence is assuredly worth consideration. Like some malignant growth, the virus of Anglophobia penetrates and permeates the nation. Perhaps in no other European nation is hatred of England and of Englishmen so general or so deep-rooted, and, in its more serious aspects, so disquieting, as among our kindred in the fatherland. And this, be it said, *sine ira et studio*, is no hyperbole, but sober statement of fact.

Lying beneath the surface, Anglophobia is a passive, latent potency. From the academic chair, from the pul-

pit, in the mess-room, in the canteen; in the Junker's household, in the lonely farmstead, from the scribbler's pen, in the drawing-room, in the proletariat's garret, it turns up, importunately, like a bad penny. In a Berlin High School for girls, the teacher, during a lesson on geography, recently, though she knew—probably because she knew—that an English girl was present, bade all her pupils rise from their seats who sympathized with the Boers. Instinctively the poor children obeyed. In confusion and blushes the solitary English girl alone remained seated. That was a lesson in Anglophobia. Take another instance. At Kiel the present writer overheard a conversation between two German sailors. The one roundly rated the other, who served on an English ship and wore the ship's cognizance on his cap, for working for "such a nation." "Die schweine haben das geld" (The beasts—literally pigs—have the money), was the characteristic rejoinder. At the beginning of the war a necessitous bootmaker refused to resole a pair of my boots because, he said, I was an Englishman, and he hoped the Boers would win. At no time since the accession of the present Emperor to the throne has the tension between the sovereign and his people been so marked or so general as it has been during the last two years, owing to the Emperor's policy of friendship to England; just as at no time, before or since, was the sense of loyalty so strong as immediately after the publication of the famous telegram in 1896 to Mr. Kurger. It has even been suggested that the telegram was despatched with that object.

The feelings of a nation are often embodied in a cartoon. In one of these—I think it was in the "Blutbuch," or Transvaal Book of Blood, one of those scurrilous prints to which the war has given birth—the feeling is portrayed. There, a lifeguardsman is depicted

complacently gazing at enraged Michael. Michael, or the German man-in-the-street, brandishes a heavy bludgeon, exclaiming, "Ach! If I could only get hold of you on shore." The present writer happened to be at Hanover the day of the outbreak of hostilities. We were a mixed company at the luncheon table. Suddenly a telegram was brought in announcing that the Boers had crossed the frontier. The effect was instantaneous. Spontaneously conversation became general. As the only Englishman present, I was immediately "talked at." Two things were notable in the conversation: the knowledge—which events have verified—of the Boer armaments, preparedness and military capacity; the conviction that the war would be a matter of years, the certainty with which they prophesied our mishaps, discomfitures and defeats; and underlying it all, the undisguised pleasure evinced that, at last, the "proud Britons" were entangled in a dangerous undertaking, and were, as they hoped, to be "well thrashed." There was little sympathy for the Boers; it was "Schadenfreude"—malicious delight—in anticipation of disasters. That was the feeling throughout Germany at the beginning of the war. That is the feeling of enraged Michael in the "Blood Book" cartoon. We need not enlarge on this. Nor is it to our purpose to chronicle grievances. Anglophobia is very visible. If we speak of it at all it is because we believe Anglophobia in Germany to be more than a surface menace, which if we cannot eradicate it, we may not improbably have to reckon with later as a serious danger.

Historically viewed, there exists no ground, either for the Germans to hate the English, or the English to hate the Germans. Indeed, it may be questioned whether any serious animosity towards Germans exists in England at all. We have only once been at war

with Germany—in 1805, at a time when Germany was a geographical term, and subservient to the will of Napoleon. And we have often fought along with the Germans, and even for them. We are a kindred nation. Our dynasties are blood relations. Both peoples have the same religion, tendencies, ambitions; are in art, music, literature, science, philosophy, civilization, complementary to each other. The methods may be different, the interests of the two nations conflicting; but there is nothing insuperable between them, little that should alienate, much that should attract and consolidate. Cynical, critical, materialistic, the modern German sets aside sentiment and religion to serve as day-dreams to his women. He is not sensuous like the Frenchman, nor captious like the Spaniard, nor rancorous like the Italian. His mental equipment is sane and very keen. He thinks before he acts; acts carefully, deliberately, consciously. The passive receptivity for Anglophobia in the German is a curious psychological phenomenon.

Now the question immediately arises, how far is the Transvaal war responsible for this feeling. In part, undoubtedly, it must be admitted freely, and to a large extent. The war did not cause it. The war fanned it, intensified, magnified it; in part, too, created it. Our whole policy in South Africa has unquestionably lost us a number of true German friends—men of the old-fashioned type who have watched the rise of their own country with mingled feelings of awe and pride, who looked to England as the monument of chartered liberty, who, in a new Germany “across the seas,” see the foundations of great troubles. These men have become estranged. Their opinions upon the war are well-known. They need neither chronicler nor apologist. Theirs is the opinion of Europe and of the “Pro-Boers.” In a sense,

they represent our own Liberal party, and are, numerically, of about the same force. To these must be added cities once Anglophil, such as Hamburg. There in the old Hanseatic free town, once, it may truly be said, well-nigh a foreign sea-port of England, now the greatest emporium of trade on the Continent, a remarkable revulsion of feeling has taken place. But a few years ago the “cult” of England was a popular feature of the town. There was an English atmosphere about the city and its denizens. The ovation once accorded to Mr. Gladstone by the people of Hamburg was as spontaneous as it was literally popular. The chords which he touched there were human. No show of bunting, no martial magnificence could have strung them. The people hailed him not as Minister or ruler, not as victor or conqueror, but as a great citizen, as a man, as a fighter in the common cause of humanity.

The war has swept all that away. Hamburg is now as Anglophobe as Dresden or as any other city throughout Germany. In the sailors’ booths and popular music-halls which line the Avenue of St. Pauli—a suburb of Hamburg much frequented by the populace—the “clou” of the repertoire is now invariably the war. Outrageous accusations, blatant calumny, scurrilous defamation of “Tommy” and his generals—no slander is too gross. This is the product of the war. A year or so ago such a thing was unheard of. The fact cannot be blinked. The women of Germany, their children, the old Liberals, the learned and the masses of the great unlearned are incensed against us. All this unquestionably the war has produced. And yet it is very strange. In the nation wrought of “Blood and Iron,” *Gefühlspolitik*—sentimental politics—has no place. The nation which absorbed so big a portion of Poland, of Denmark and of France;

which can boast of a Frederic the Great and of a Bismarck; which has stamped all Europe with a political impress of its own healthy selfishness, has assuredly, as Mephistopheles said of the church, a big belly, and, it may be supposed, an easy digestion. "What is Hecuba to us?" remarked the Iron Chancellor on a memorable occasion. The remark should be still apposite. Are Armenians less than Finns, Finns than Bulgarians, Bulgarians than a nation of Nomad farmers? Not a tear was shed for the Cubans under Spain; for the Philippines struggling against black-frocked tyranny—and who by the way are still struggling. During the Spanish American war the sympathies of all Germany were with Spain. They were for the Spaniards, as they are now for the Boers, and for the same reasons. Were the Chinese theatricals, the "No Pardon" speech, that Christian pilgrimage against the infidels, not affairs of conscience? Does the Prussian police régime make men of sentiment? Is the Fatherland prone to hysteria? No! the reasons are far other.

Anglophobia, in its collective sense, is no child of sentiment. The explosion of outraged popular feeling on the occasion of the Emperor's visit to the death-bed of his grandmother, of the presentation of the order of the Black Eagle to Lord Roberts, of the official rebuff offered to Mr. Leyds on the threshold of Germany, of the seizures of German mail steamers, of Mr. Chamberlain's utterances—these are but the outlets of long pent-up rancor. In Germany, where public opinion as we understand it, may be said hardly to exist, where the Press is wholly partisan and but rarely in agreement, so forcible an outburst is the more noteworthy. The Press has, in these cases, been the expression of the public voice. The Press has sinned and stills sins grievously against the canons of truth and of common decency; by omission and

commission. Telegrams have been garbled, misrepresented, twisted out of recognition. But the public have so willed it. Many an editor, desirous of striking the golden mean, has quailed before the mandate of his private correspondence insisting upon his flowing with the tide against England. The Press—and I mean the serious political organs—is not wholly to blame. Not but that almost every print published anywhere in Germany has, at some time or other, wallowed in Anglophobia. They all have; there is no Yves Guyot in the Fatherland.

Taken as a whole, perhaps, the German Press has been more consistently and maliciously hostile than that of France. True, its gutter Press is not so obscene; so much certainly can be said. "*Schadenfreude*," vilification, vituperation of England have characterized them all. Yet of all this host of newspapers, only one, I believe—the "*Kölnische Zeitung*"—had a correspondent at the front. And he, poor fellow, soon tired of it, and was denounced as "Pro-Englishman." The Government succeeded in curbing the too rabid propensities of the Press. From time to time, some Foreign Office official would pen a few lines of wisdom, as a corrective to the "*Furor Teutonicus*." The public wanted more. Even the "literary" orgies of the Antisemite and Pan-German papers could not meet the demand. A series of illustrated prints, treating of the war, sprung up. In these the disgraceful cartoon of the French and Dutch gutter Press are reproduced. Absolute obscenities are erased, but the spirit of the garbage is there. Mr. Leyd's Press laboratory supplies the text. These prints are for sale at all railway station book-stalls, where a number of regular comic journals—such as "*Simplicissimus*"—are forbidden by the police. In this literature the public slake their thirst.

Now, Anglophobia is a threefold com-

pound. Its ingredients may be classed thus. Dislike of the individual Englishman, and of his country's policy; commercial and, to a certain extent, political rivalry; and as substratum, underlying and embracing the whole, envy—what Bacon called the gadding passion of envy. Among the Latin races, in Scandinavia, in Russia, the Englishman, as an individual, is not disliked. We are the traditional foes of France, yet an Englishman can be very good friends with a Frenchman, with a Swede, an Italian or a Russian. We have had many a hard knock with the proud Castilian in old times, but I never found, even with the most Quixotic of Spaniards, a personal antipathy to Englishmen. I have heard a Spaniard dismiss us as "*antipático*." Yet an Englishman is rarely the friend of a German. Not that admiration and love of England are not found in Germany. They are, or were before the war, even to a considerable extent. They may still be found in rich Jewish circles, in young ladies' academies and, to a certain degree, in what is called "good society." But in Germany it is not called love; it is a mania, and is so called. The expression Francomania, Russomania, is not current. A German is a Francophil, a Russophil, but he is an Anglomaniac.

The historian Treitschke deplors this weakness, this mania for England; he writes with contempt of the "Historical Alliance" of the old Prussian diplomats. The modern German re-sents it. In the neologism "*Engländerei*"—a word coined during the war, meaning subservient fondness or enthusiasm for England, and aimed at the Emperor—the shade of meaning is curiously defined. "*Engländerei*" is a reproach, just as we might speak of a "Germanite." The change of word is not fortuitous. It is characteristic of modern Germany—of the modern German conscious of his strength and

success, hyper-sensitive of his being a new creation. A German once wrathfully remarked to me, "You can never mistake an Englishman." There lies the rub—John Bull—whose stamp, Heine said, was as indelible as the impress of a Greek coin. The insularity of the Englishman, his self-reliance, self-complacency, his aggressive personality—this is the contrast to the German who is sensitive, punctilious, versatile, pedantic. The breeziness of the Briton is as intolerable to the German as is his pipeclay to us. Both idiosyncrasies are historically intelligible. The soldier and the sailor; it is the old tale. If the German is petty, the Englishman is rude, not rude deliberately, but—that is the pity of it—rude unwittingly. It never occurs to him that in foreign countries other habits and customs may obtain, and that in disregarding them he offends. A young Englishman studying German in Berlin called upon a judge and Government official to whom he had an introduction at his office. He was surprised when, after some minutes' conversation, the judge rang the bell and asked for his hat, which he proceeded to place upon his head. As it was midsummer the Englishman enquired whether he was afraid of catching cold. "No," replied the judge, "I wish to be polite, and as you keep your cap on"—of course it was a cap—"I feel I ought to be covered too, but would much rather not." The Englishman understood and they were good friends afterwards.

The feeling in Germany towards this sort of thing is very strong. An old messroom chestnut gives a typical example. An Englishman travelling in an express train asked a German officer sitting in the opposite corner for a light. The officer, having no matches, offered the Englishman his lighted cigar. The Englishman took it, lit his cigar from it, and casually threw it out of the window. Shortly after-

wards the Englishman lit a fresh cigar from the stump. This time the officer requested a light. The Englishman proffered his cigar and—"horrible view"—watched the officer, who had obtained a light, quietly drop it upon the rails. Stories of this kind might be told indefinitely. Singular as it may seem, a reputation for this sort of behavior accounts to no small extent for the inveterate animosity of Germans towards Englishmen. Unfortunately the reproach is not unmerited. De Montesquieu explained it. "Les Anglais," he said, "sont occupés; ils n'ont pas le temps d'être polis." The apophthegm is consoling, but then the author of it was a Frenchman. Again, the modern German has an ineradicable idea that the English are "poking fun" at him. He imagines, even when the English Press sing pæans to his Emperor, that, at heart, they are, as it were, "pulling his Majesty's leg." He chafes under his modern dignity, and he thinks we do not respect him individually or collectively. He wishes to be taken seriously, and he thinks he is not; he wishes to be very German just as the Englishman is very English. He dislikes us for our carriage, while imitating our tailors. Our individuality galls him, our manner irritates him; he rages at our buoyant personality. In part this is intelligible. The manners of "Three Men in a Boat" are not necessarily the best. To the German they are odious. But until Englishmen leave them "in the boat" when they visit the Fatherland, this feeling of antipathy will assuredly be intensified. If we are "*raptores orbis*," Germany—Tacitus said so—is "*officina gentium*." We ought to understand one another.

An Englishman who had lived many years in Germany once said to me, "When two Germans meet it immediately becomes a question which of the two treats the other like a dog." There

is much truth in that. The German is born to be led. He is happy under discipline, as a unit. Want of organization, either in his pleasures or his affairs, is physically abhorrent to him. His military education moulds him to obey. Hence the rough and tumble Briton is jarring to his spirit. Equally jarring is the policy of Great Britain. In German politics "*la femme*" plays no rôle. Petticoat influence is to the German an abomination. The political "*salon*," the "*badinage*" of the lady politician—whom Schopenhauer called "that monster of European civilization and Christian-Germanic stupidity"—are unknown. Hence the German woman has little interest in politics—cares and knows little about them. Now in this Transvaal business feminine influence has played a conspicuously big part. In every family the womenkind are for the Boers. The children play at "Boers," just as in Spain they play at bull-baiting. The bull is always worsted, so are the English. Among the Junker aristocracy it is the men, among the middle-class the women, who foster Anglophobia.

It is only possible to understand this political hatred of England by some acquaintance with Germans in their own country. Busch's "Bismarck" tells us something about it too. In one passage of the third volume in that interesting work the Great Chancellor recapitulates England's sins. From the beginning of the century, he tells his "Little Archer," the policy of England has constantly been to sow dissension between the Continental Powers, or to maintain existing discord on the principle of "*Duobus litigantibus tertius gaudens*" . . . they have tried to play us off against the Russians on the Bosphorus and on the Indian frontier. They urged us during the Crimean war to co-operate, against our own interests, with the Western Powers against the Emperor

Nicholas. In 1863 England wanted to see the Polish insurrection supported as a means to weaken Russia. In 1877, when a Russo-Turkish war was imminent, we were expected to exert our influence at St. Petersburg to prevent it—in the interest of humanity, as the "Times" demonstrated—and so on. Then there came the Battenberg marriage scheme; the "aprons and petticoats" influence against the bombardment of Paris; English sympathy for the Danes in 1864, for the French during the war.

The German has a long memory. He still rankles over the "slight" that Waterloo was won by Wellington before Blucher arrived; over a supercilious jest of Lord Palmerston, who professed ignorance of the color of the German naval flag; over a score of petty, long-forgotten grievances now collocated and edited in the "Naval Almanac"—that powerful organ of propaganda for the construction of a German fleet which is some day to "crush" us. The German schoolboy is taught these things. They are not allowed to be forgotten. In a famous speech the creator of the German Empire said he knew of no possible point of contention between England and Germany which diplomacy should not be able to settle, unless England—for Germany never would—deliberately desired to provoke war. But for his own ends the Chancellor artificially fostered Anglophobia as a lever against English influence at the Court, and against the German Liberals. Thus we read in Busch of the articles he wrote in 1884, at the instigation of Prince Bismarck, inciting Europe to help the Boers against England.

Of the dead, "*Nil nisi bonum.*" Yet it is impossible to speak of Anglophobia in Germany without referring to the late Empress Frederick, of whom "Buschlein" wrote as the "English-woman on the throne of the Hohenzollerns," and of "Frederick the Briton" who is to govern according to her

views. The Empress's English nature, tastes and habits caused an intense anti-English feeling at the time which has never been forgotten. Again, the feeling ran high when Sir Morell Mackenzie was called in to attend the dying Emperor. The telegram to Mr. Kruger did not improve it. Then came the Samoan affair. There we had an opportunity to heal old sores. Yet we rode the high horse, blustered—and blundered. Germany went down on her knees, implored us not to buffet her before the eyes of Europe, even threatened us if we did not concede her claim. And we did so finally, albeit with bad grace enough, for we were completely in the wrong. To our yielding then we undoubtedly owe the strict attitude of neutrality Germany has observed during the Transvaal war. Had we then exposed her to ignominy, Germany would have altered the whole trend of her policy towards us. She would have spared no means to incite Europe against us; and she let our Government know it. Equally clumsy, impolitic, ungracious, were the seizures in the early days of the war, of German mail-ships. Germany had officially informed us that they carried no contraband. We should have accepted her word in our own despite. Again Germany writhed. She could do nothing, and the nation knew it. So the Emperor obtained his new naval program.

Thus the feeling is fostered, nursed, handed down traditionally. We are commercial rivals. The field is open, the fight should be a fair one. Once more we find the German a martyr to his sensitiveness. The war cry "Made in Germany," stabs the German to the quick. He is sensitive, and the sore still smarts. Dr. Tilly, who was hustled by the students of Glasgow University, and has since been appointed under-secretary to the Central Association of Industrialists,

sought to parry the blow. But his work, "England's Flegeljahre" (England's hobbledehoydom) was a poor thrust, and never went home. It was too obviously inspired by Anglophobia, and has since been skilfully parodied by the Socialist Bernstein. Dr. Tilly, who is an able economist, is a type of a type; he thinks we are decadent, diletantti, falling into atrophy. We are Colonial rivals, too. Germany wants her "place on the sun." There should be room for both peoples. In his diplomatic reminiscences, "Shifting Scenes," Sir Edward Malet tells "Mr. Whiffles" that Germany's development has roused us out of a dangerous half-sleep. A "greater" Germany is not necessarily a menace to our own "greater" Empire. The hare, if he does not sleep, can well smile at the tortoise. Where the Eagle soars, the lion does not roam. But Germany's development, rapid rise, success, prosperity and wealth have also made her vain, ambitious, envious and overbearing. If intoxicated with success, the modern German is conscious that there is one still greater than himself, whose sinews are as tense, whose pride is as great. He envies us our wealth, our unequalled resources, our English name. If envy is akin to hatred, the genesis of Anglophobia contains a real source of danger. It is in this sense disquieting.

Our Governments understand one another. The political horizon is unclouded. On the principle of "*Do ut des*" we are officially the best of friends. We have had a personal union with Germany—in Hanover—a political union, and now we have a common sense union soldered with the tie of dynastic kinship. We have no contiguity of frontier to fight for, no traditional blood feud to avenge, no stain of honor

to wipe off. The historical page between the two peoples is a clean one, and should remain so. Heine thought Germany could never acquire unity. Yet he was wrong. I hazard no vaticination.

The moral of it all is this. If we will not, if we cannot learn to treat Germany as an equal, to be less blustering, more gracious towards her, and if, in ourselves, we cannot learn to be less insular, less self-sufficient, more thoughtful towards others, then let us learn to be ready. "We don't want to fight." Let us then see that we have the ships. There is no danger yet, or in the immediate future. Germany is not ready, nor can she be for some decades. With a powerful navy the rôle of the "broker" ceases, becomes an anachronism. Moltke, that great "thinker of battles," has left it upon record "that the ambitions of princes are no longer the cause of war, but the feelings of peoples." The big wars of modern years have arisen against the wishes and will of those ruling. It is of less consequence for a State now to possess the means of conducting a war than it is for it to have the power to prevent it. Count Bulow has since publicly confirmed that view. We want no alliance either with Russia or Germany. We stand best alone, independent, all-powerful upon the sea. Under a weak ruler, with a weak Government, what in Germany is now a ripple, may, in some given circumstance, become a wave irresistible. We can be friends with her; we should be friends.

But mark this. The Germans are hostile, increasingly so; and they believe we are degenerating. Let us not, *spretâ conscientiâ*—pass on unmindful. Let us strengthen our fleet. It behooves us to be ready.

Patriæ quis Exul.

A HARE IN THE SNOW.

On a bitter winter's morning of the year 1537, Thomas Goodwin, peasant, rose from his pallet, shifted the sheepskin coverlet more over his wife and babe, and in the half-darkness began to array himself for the field. That was no long matter, for the rustic of that day slept just as the back-country Boer of South Africa does at the present time—mainly in his clothes. Inside the cottage the air was nipping indeed. Without, the whole land lay lapped in snow and spell-bound under one of the grimmest frosts of the century.

Thomas awoke in no happy mood this dark morning. He was out of work and nearly starving; his wife lay abed with her first child, now but ten days old. Do what he could, he knew not where to turn for a day's wage, and food must be got somehow. A pound or two of fat bacon still remained to them, and less than a quarter of a sack of rough meal; but for the kindness of a good-hearted widow in the neighboring hamlet, who had hitherto sent his wife a trifle of milk each day, the great helpless giant knew that his wife and child could scarce have won through the bad times that were upon them. For, indeed, Thomas Goodwin was very helpless, and that from no possible fault of his own. The peasant of King Harry the Eighth's day was in some respects a better and a happier man than his predecessor; villeinage was a thing of the past; yet he was still little else than a serf, and a serf too often in the hands of a hard and grudging aristocracy.

Thomas Goodwin, strong of thews, a giant in stature, and a willing worker, was just now, by no fault of his own, in hard case. He had wrought for the neighboring priory until the

dissolution of the monasteries, and since that vast upheaval he had been field-laborer to a small yeoman. But the constant growth of the wool industry and the spread of the sheep throughout England had ruined the yeoman as it had ruined many of his kind. At Michaelmas he had given up the struggle, and his small patrimony had been acquired by the neighboring lord of the manor, Sir Edmund Wing, knight of the shire.

Now Sir Edmund was one who jumped alertly with the spirit of the times. He was a zealous—nay, a searching Protestant; and Thomas Goodwin had fallen under his displeasure for that, in his slow Saxon way, he had not turned his cloak of religion over quickly. For three months had Thomas fought a losing battle with fortune. He had picked up odd work here and there, thanks mainly to the kindness of the humbler among his neighbors; but now he knew not where to turn for food. His meal would be out in a fortnight or less; flesh he had none save for the scrap of fat bacon; his wife alled, and was growing weak for lack of nourishing food, and with her alled also her babe. Thus Thomas Goodwin's thoughts this dark, freezing morning were bitter enough as he struggled into his hard footgear and fastened some rude leggings of sheepskin about his brawny calves. The wood fire had all but died down. With the deftness of long experience he blew it up, nursed it into flame again, and cooked for his wife a warm mess of meal and water.

The flickering firelight fell upon the woman's face as she sat up in bed and took the porringer from her husband. It was a young and not uncomely face, despite dishevelled hair and the pallor

of lying-in. As she took her food spoonful by spoonful, she looked anxiously at her husband's gloomy countenance and knitted brows. Where was he going? she asked him. To Thonfield, a neighboring village, he answered, to see if, by any chance, he might get work there. The great, gaunt fellow kissed his wife, piled more wood upon the fire, and then arrayed himself for his walk. On his head he pressed firmly down an old cap of rabbit-skin; over this and his shoulders he threw a short threadbare hooded cloak of faded green frieze; upon his rough chapped hands he drew a pair of thick hedge-cutter's gloves; then, buckling a broad belt round his smock, and taking a short crab-tree staff from the chimney-corner, he unlatched the door, and stepped out into the frigid, cheerless morning. It was bitter cold indeed. The icy blast smote upon the man's cheeks with Arctic rigor; from the cottage thatch hung long icicles enchain'd a month since by the fetters of that pitiless frost; the sky was dull and leaden, and that curious, numbing cold which betokens the near approach of heavy snow was in the air.

Thomas Goodwin tramped steadily through the snow. Crossing a belt of woodland which lay between him and the more open country, he presently entered upon a spreading stretch of grass-land—now sheeted in with snow—which formed a corner of the great park of the lord of the manor, Sir Edmund Wing. Before him, twelve miles distant, rolled the great range of the South Downs, their smooth, rounded contours now white with snow, showing up boldly against the dark and lowering sky. The ancient footpath which led across this angle of the park was hidden by snowfalls; but Thomas had traversed it a thousand times, and had no difficulty in making out his way. He saw little on his march to divert his gloomy thoughts, although his eyes

and senses were alert enough. A flight of fieldfares, chattering round a great haw-bush in the woodland, from whose berries they were devouring a hearty meal, attracted his attention. He looked hungrily at them; half a dozen of them would make a delicate meal for his sick wife; but, at the moment he had no means of killing a single one of them, and with a sigh he passed them by. As he crossed the corner of the park his gaze not unnaturally wandered to the great house of Cleathercote, a corner of which, half a mile away among the trees, caught his eye. Within those warm, red-brick, castellated walls dwelt, in high comfort and honor, Sir Edmund Wing. Thomas Goodwin sighed again to himself; the load of his present misery lay chiefly at the charge of the knight, who had had much to do with the ousting of the priors and the dissolution of their establishment, and who had bought up his late master the yeoman, and now refused him work, and that in the most pitiless winter for many a long year.

Just before he came to the high stile which gave exit from the park to the arable fields beyond, Goodwin suddenly halted. Something in the snow arrested his attention. His blue eyes glittered as he noted the tale spread out there so plainly upon the white surface. A great hare had come loping down the park, picking its way delicately through the snowy covering, passing beneath the stile, and moving out over the fields beyond. The man's hungry eyes were riveted upon those delicate footprints. To him they meant so much. If he could but secure that hare, his wife would fare sumptuously upon the rich flesh and broth for two days at least, even if he himself picked a bone or two.

Thomas looked round—not a figure showed anywhere upon the whole landscape. The keepers, he

well knew, were on the other side of the park, looking to the feeding of the deer, which in this hard season were being assisted with the comforts of hay and straw. It was a risk; but Thomas's mind was quickly made up. The chances were much in his favor. The snow would be falling again in an hour or two, and his footprints and the hare's would be obliterated. This was a sequestered corner of the park, seldom visited by the knight or his servants. The man stepped out again, crossed the stile, and with swift, stealthy footsteps followed the tell-tale tracks that danced there in the snow before him. He was, like most peasants of that period, skilled in woodcraft, and had a pretty shrewd idea whither the hare was making its way. The instinct of the wild creature warned it of a heavy storm of snow about to descend; the wind was shrewdly piercing across the open park, and the animal was now on its way to some warmer and more cozy shelter. Steadily the man pressed forward; over two or three arable fields, across a meadow of old pasture, and thence to a wide fringe of gorse and bracken, which here, upon the southern side, hemmed in the outskirts of a large tract of woodland.

The tale, told so plainly in the snow, came to an end just as Thomas Goodwin had expected. There was much less snow here than within half a dozen miles. Passing a thick piece of bracken, below a warm, sheltering wall of dark-green gorse, the man's keen eye noted the brown skin of a great doe-hare, nestling snugly in the form in which she had so recently ensconced herself. His eye carefully avoided hers; if they had met, ten to one the hare would have leaped out and fled incontinently. He looked carelessly beyond as if he had never seen her; but just as he passed her he gave one swift whirl of his crab-tree staff, which,

crashing into the skull of the hare, stretched her instantly dead. She gave one convulsive kick with her strong hind feet and lay there in her form quite still. As Goodwin picked her up by the hind-legs a few drops of blood fell upon the snow, leaving neat, circular patches of crimson staining the pure, untrodden surface. Goodwin hastily kicked some snow over the tell-tale gout, and then, undoing his belt and bestowing the hare beneath his smock, he belted up again, picked up his staff, and with elastic footsteps plunged into the woodland and betook himself by another and more sheltered way back to his cottage again.

Within an hour the hare was skinned, cut up and simmering in an iron pot, while Thomas and his wife, wonderfully brightened by this unexpected piece of good fortune, were devising fresh plans for the future.

But, alas! Goodwin's successful raid upon the hare had not been entirely unperceived. Just as Thomas crossed that angle of the park and first caught sight of the footprints and halted, Sir Edmund Wing had entered his dining-hall, and before falling to breakfast, happened to be surveying the landscape, musing upon the length of the frost, the prospect of more snow and the welfare of his deer. At that moment a figure came into view, crossing the corner of his park. It was a dull, dark morning; but Sir Edmund Wing had a keen eye, and he noticed that the figure paused a moment, as if to look about before passing on. The knight's brow contracted; he watched the figure till it became lost in the wintry gloom, and then turned to the table. Breakfast was a hearty meal at Cleathercote Manor; a great fire burned bravely on the open hearth; Lady Wing and her two children were already seated; the knight fell vigorously to his repast. A plate of brawn, a slice or two of venison-pasty, a couple of manchets, and

a flagon of good ale, and Sir Edmund rose refreshed and strengthened. Presently, after an interview with his steward, he called for his outdoor gear. A pair of long brown boots, reaching to his mid-thighs, were brought to him; into these he struggled, and then, stamping about the hall to get his feet well home, was assisted by a serving-man into a warm cloak of thick plum-colored cloth, trimmed with fur, reaching below his hips. Now setting a broad flat cap of the same material jauntily on the side of his head, and thrusting his white hands into leather gauntlets, the knight took his staff and sallied forth. First looking at his stables and seeing that his horses were well strawed and tended, he set off at a brisk pace down the long avenue of elms, planted by his grandfather fifty years before, when in the second year of Henry the Seventh's reign, the building of the great manor-house of Cleathercoate was begun. Towards the end of the avenue Sir Edmund turned away from the well-trodden path, beaten hard by many feet upon the snow, and plunged across the smooth white waste that lay before him. He ploughed his way steadily for nearly two furlongs, and then suddenly came upon the traces he expected to find. The footprints told a clear tale, and the knight's broad brow again knit ominously. Here had a hare passed. There had the man halted, gazed, and, taking up the tracks, pursued his quarry.

Now, whether for his deer, his many partridges and rare pheasants, his hares, conies or what not, no great freeholder in Sussex looked more jealously after his game, or was more tenacious of his sporting rights than was Sir Edmund Wing. Ten or twelve years before, in the fifteenth year of the reign of the present King Henry, the knight had busied himself in the passing of a statute in Parliament which provided for just such an offence as he now saw

delineated in the snow before him. Thus ran the statute: "None shall trace, destroy or kill any Hare in the Snow, in pain of 6s. 8d. for every such Offence; which penalty assessed in Sessions shall go to the King; but, in a Leet, to the Lord thereof."

With an exclamation of wrath and an angry thrust of his staff into the snow, the knight now set himself to follow the footprints of this man. Who was the varlet that dared thus to break the law upon his land? He had, with ruthless severity, extirpated a nest of deer-stealers who had once haunted his forests and raided his parks; was he to be bearded by lesser ruffians? Surely not! He marched briskly through the snow, and presently came upon the scene of the hare's death. The quick eye of the sportsman saw readily the whole tragedy in little. Stooping somewhat, Sir Edmund deftly cleared away with his staff the snow which had been carelessly kicked up by Thomas Goodwin to cover up the traces of his capture. There, as he expected, were the signs of death, a red, circular stain or two, where the hare's blood had dripped upon the spotless snow. It was enough; he now set himself to piece together the remaining fragments of the tale and run the miscreant to earth.

Meanwhile the dark leaden sky had become more overcast. Flakes were beginning to descend lightly, the fore-runners of a mighty fall; the north wind beat fiercely upon the knight, freezing his moustache and beard upon his ruddy face. He folded his cloak more tightly about him, and entered the woodland, still following the man's footsteps. In little more than half an hour he stood before the cottage of Thomas Goodwin. The snow fell now in thick, blinding flakes, which, whirled hither and thither by the fierce tempest, had wrapped the knight from head to foot in a mantle of white. For

the last ten minutes all footprints had been obliterated; but Sir Edmund knew now where his quarry had taken refuge and had struggled through the rising hurricane straight for the mud hovel where starved Thomas Goodwin and his wife. Alas, poor Thomas! If the snow had come but half an hour earlier you had been safe!

Without word or knock of warning, the knight of Cleathercote lifted the latch and entered the poor dwelling, vigorously shook the snow from his person and looked about him. Poverty—dire, naked poverty—was stamped upon the whole interior. If the man had any sentiment of pity in his heart, it would surely have arisen at that moment to rebuke him. The tale of freezing penury, the poor, pallid woman sitting up on the miserable pallet yonder, clasping her infant to her breast, gazing at him with scared, awe-stricken eyes, should have melted the great man. His own handsome apparel and well-fed person, his plump ruddy face and shining dark chestnut hair, all eloquent of high living and prosperous content, contrasted aggressively with the wretched interior in which he stood. But in Sir Edmund's heart, in the stead of pity, only a fierce resentment burned. The rich smell of cooking which greeted his nostrils told him at once what had been the end of the hare. A bloody knife upon the table, the skin and some entrails completed the chain of evidence. He glanced from the woman to her husband, and his red-brown eyes blazed with wrath. The man, who had been stooping over his cooking-pot on the rude stone hearth, had straightened himself as the knight entered, and making clumsy obeisance, now looked at him ruefully, tongue-tied with fear.

"So," said the knight in a harsh, angry voice, "'tis as I had expected. You, Thomas Goodwin, are the man who steals my hares, snares my pheasants

and, I dare wager, slays my deer. The snow has done me a shrewd turn. I have watched every move in your knavish law-breaking; and, by my troth! you shall suffer for it."

The man, with a gesture of despair, put up his clenched hands entreatingly, and in a strong Sussex dialect made answer in a trembling voice:

"Your honor!—reckon I were tempted. I killed de hare, dis true; but 'twere not meant onhendy. I beant a poacher by natur', as some be. We staarve; de wife be sick an' wakely. A man must live. I cannot get work, an' dis bitter weather do try us sorely. I cannot mew [change] my place just now, an' seek work elsewhere; I cannot see my wife an' babe die for lack of victual. What be a man to do?"

"Do!" roared the knight angrily. "Why, take that hare out of the pot, put it in that sack—'twill do to feed my dogs with—and come with me to the Manor. I'll teach thee, knave, to steal my game from my park under my very nose."

The peasant's aspect changed; his great frame stiffened; his muscles grew rigid; a stony look came into his dull blue eyes.

"I wun't part with de food, asking your honor's pardon," he said, "an' that's flat."

Sir Edmund uttered a fierce oath, strode to the hearth, kicked the pot over with his boot, and furiously trampled the pieces of half-cooked flesh into the fire and ashes.

In a sudden impulse of frenzy, Goodwin snatched up the long knife from the table; the knight's back was towards him. With all the energy of his huge frame and the frantic hatred of despair and passion, he drove the weapon deep between the ribs of his enemy and destroyer. The keen blade shore to the knight's heart, and with a long, choking groan, horrible to hear, he fell dying upon the stone floor. A

gasp or two, a convulsive struggle of the limbs and chest, and in a few seconds the knight of the shire, instinct and burning with hot life so recently, lay there as much clay as the walls of the hut around him.

The man and woman looked at one another with eyes in which sickening horror and the birth of a haunting fear struggled for the mastery. The knife dropped from the man's hand; his ashen face fell; the fierce rigor of passion passed from his great frame.

"What—what shall us do?" he gasped.

The woman, pale and trembling as she was, had the readier wit. Her instinct of self preservation was the stronger.

"Put him under the bed," she said, "till nightfall, and clean that knife."

Goodwin did as he was bid, shuddering at his fell task, tidied up the cottage, destroyed every trace of the hare, and then opened his door and looked out. The snow was befriending them, that was certain. The air was thick with it, and the mighty flakes, torn and beaten by the fierce hurricane of wind, were massing a fresh covering upon the earth a foot in depth. They watched and waited all that morning and afternoon, whelmed in a fear so horrible that it froze their tongues and turned them into figures of stone. Every blast of the tempest, every rattle of the door, sent a sickening pang of dread to their hearts. Yet, save once, none came near them, and the long, long afternoon at last deepened into night. Once, indeed, a sharp knock came at the door, a head was thrust inside, and a blue-faced forester inquired, "Hath Sir Edmund been seen this way to-day?" Goodwin answered "Nay," and the man passed hastily on. It was a fearsome moment, but nothing came of it.

That evening Thomas Goodwin, fastening a long coil of rope about his

waist, and, carrying on his back a ghastly burden, staggered through the forest, and after incredible exertion reached a huge oak-tree deep in the woods more than a mile away. This oak he had known since boyhood, when, to his vast delight, he had found at the crown of the massive bole a great cavernous hollow. In this hollow—down which he had cut steps to the very base of the tree—when the spreading summer leaves gave him secure shelter, he had loved to hide childish treasures, and to imagine for himself a woodland home. None knew of his secret. Hither, in the despair of his manhood, his staggering limbs carried him that winter's night. He reached the tree, fastened a running noose under the armpits of the now stiff corpse, and then with the free end of his stout rope in his grip, climbed from branch to branch, until he had reached his resting-place. Then, with the exertion of all his mighty strength, slowly, slowly he drew the grisly burden up towards him. He had acquired some purchase over a projecting branch, but the struggle was intense. The man's iron sinews stretched and cracked; his wrists and arms and shoulders ached horribly; the sweat, cold as was the night, burst from him; yet the task was achieved, the rope loosened from the heavy corpse, and then the body of Sir Edmund Wing vanished finally from the eye of the world. With a dull, crashing thud it reached the bottom of the hollow tree. All was still. Goodwin fastened up his rope, climbed down again, and then sped home with all the haste that fear, loathing and superstition could lend to him. The air was still thick with snow; the wind had sunk, but the myriad flakes ceaselessly descending covered up tenderly all traces of that dreadful night's journey, and the man reached his cottage unperceived.

Sir Edmund Wing's murder was never discovered. The country-side was searched, the greatest anxiety prevailed, but the snow and the oak-tree effectually baffled every effort of the searchers. It was believed that during that wild tempest the knight had lost his way, and either fallen into the neighboring river or perished in a snow-drift in some deep bottom or pit. The search was in time abandoned, and the wonder of the knight's disappearance faded presently into a mere memory. More than two hundred years later when the old oak-tree finally rotted to pieces, and some bones were discovered in its recesses, the Wing family had died out, the estate had passed into other hands, and the mystery had been long forgotten.

The shock of that dreadful day and night killed Goodwin's wife, who died and was buried a fortnight later. The man and his child lived on; their descendants still make their homes within sight of the pleasant South Downs. And it is a curious fact that in that family a hare is looked upon as poisonous or unwholesome food; to this day not a man or woman of the blood will partake of it.

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H. A. Bryden.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Nearly thirty years have passed since Stevenson began to attract a circle of appreciative readers. From the first it was clear that the literary appreciation coincided with a personal attraction. As his fame extended, the admiration of readers remotest in the flesh had a tinge of friendship, while the inner circle could not distinguish between their enthusiastic affection for the man and their cordial enjoyment of his genius. So far as the biographer is concerned, the identity of the two sentiments is a clear gain. Affection, though not a sufficient, is an almost necessary qualification for a good biography. It may be doubted, however, whether a man's friends are his best critics. The keen eye of the candid outsider has detected a tacit conspiracy in this case. The circle of friends looks unpleasantly like a clique, trying to gain a reflex glory from the fame of its hero, or to make a boast of its superior insight. The connection, it is true, has other dangers. The tie may be broken and the rupture,

it appears, cancels all obligations to reticence. No one can then lay on the lash like the old friend who knows the weak places and has, or fancies that he has, an injury to resent. The bitterness may be intelligible, and therefore, perhaps, we should excuse a man for relieving his feelings after this peculiar fashion. I cannot say that I think the result edifying; but I make no further comment. I would rather observe that fidelity to old ties is not necessarily blinding. No one can read Mr. Colvin's notes upon his friend's letters without admitting that his friendship has sharpened his insight. To him belongs the credit of having been the first, outside the home circle, to recognize Stevenson's genius and to give encouragement when encouragement was most needed. The keen interest enabled him to interpret both the personal and the artistic characteristics of his friend with a clearness which satisfies us of the essential fidelity of the portrait. If we differ from the valuation which he puts upon

certain qualities, he gives essential help to perceiving them. We often learn more from the partisan than from the candid historian; and in criticism, as well as in history, candor may be an alias for insensibility.

It was to Mr. Colvin that I owe what is perhaps my chief claim to such respect as readers of a periodical may concede to an editor. Through his good offices, Stevenson became one of my contributors, and I may be allowed to boast that, in his case at least, I did not nip rising genius in the bud—the feat which, according to some young authors, represents the main desire of the editorial mind. Fate, however, withheld from me the privilege of forming such an intimacy as could materially bias my opinions. So far I have a negative qualification for answering the question which so many people are eager to put: what namely, will posterity think about Stevenson? I am content to leave the point to posterity; but in trying to sum up my own impressions corrected by the judgment of his closer friends and critics, I may contribute to the discussion of the previous question: what was the species, not what was the degree of praise which he will receive? Friendly criticism is apt to fail in this direction. Enthusiasts fancy that to define a man's proper sphere is to limit his merits. They assume that other sects are necessarily hostile, and that they must remove one bust from Poet's Corner in order to make room for doing honor to their favorite. Such controversies lead to impossible problems, and attempts to find a common measure for disparate qualities. We may surely by this time agree that Tennyson and Browning excelled in different lines without asking which line was absolutely best. That will always be a matter of individual taste.

Whatever Stevenson was, he was, I think, a man of genius. I do not mean

to bring him under any strict definition. My own conception of genius has been formed by an induction from the very few cases which I have been fortunate enough to observe. I may try to describe one characteristic by perverting the language of one of those instances. The late W. K. Clifford, who had the most unmistakable stamp of genius, held that the universe was composed of "mindstuff." I don't know how that may be, but a man has genius, I should say, when he seems to be made of nothing but "mindstuff." We of coarser make have a certain infusion of mind; but it is terribly cramped and held down by matter. What we call "thinking" is often a mechanical process carried on by dead formulæ. We work out results as a phonograph repeats the sound when you insert the diaphragm already impressed with the pattern. The mental processes in the man of genius are still vital instead of being automatic. He has, as Carlyle is fond of repeating about Mirabeau, "swallowed all formulas," or rather he is not the slave but the master of those useful intellectual tools. It is this pervading vitality which has marked such geniuses as I have known, though it assumes very various forms. A proposition of Euclid such as "coaches" hammer into the head of a dunce to be reproduced by rote developed instantly, when inserted into Clifford's hearer, into whole systems of geometry. Genius of a different type was shown by the historian, J. R. Green. You pointed out a bit of old wall, or a slope of down, and it immediately opened to him a vista of past ages, illustrating bygone social states and the growth of nations. So Stevenson heard an anecdote and it became at once the nucleus of a story, and he was on the spot a hero of romance plunging into a whole series of thrilling adventures. Connected with this, I suppose, is the invincible boyishness so often noticed as

a characteristic of genius. The mind which retains its freshness can sympathize with the child to whom the world is still a novelty. Both Clifford and Green were conspicuous for this possession of the prerogative of genius, and showed it both in being boyish themselves and in their intense sympathy with children. Clifford was never happier than in a child's party, and Green sought relief from the dreariness of a clergyman's life at the East-End by associating with the children of the district. Stevenson's boyishness was not only conspicuous, but was the very mainspring of his best work. That quality cannot be shown in a mathematical dissertation or an historical narrative, but it is invaluable for a writer of romances. The singular vivacity of Stevenson's early memories is shown by Mr. Balfour's account of his infancy as it was sufficiently revealed in the delightful "Child's Garden." It is amusing to note that Stevenson could not even imagine that other men should be without this experience. You are indulging in "wilful paradox," he replied to Mr. Henry James. "If a man have never been" (Mr. James alleged that he had not been) "on a quest for hidden treasure, it can be demonstrated that he has never been a child." His scheme of life, as he puts it in a charming letter to Mr. Monkhouse, was to be alternately a pirate and a leader of irregular cavalry "devastating whole valleys." Some of us, I fear, have never been pirates; and if we were anything, were perhaps already preaching infantile sermons. In any case, the castle-building propensity is often so weak as not even to leave a trace in memory. Stevenson's most obvious peculiarity was that it only strengthened with life, and, which is rarer, always retained some of the childish coloring.

A common test—for it is surely not the essence—of genius is the proverbial

capacity for taking pains. Stevenson again illustrates the meaning of the remark. Nothing is easier, says a recent German philosopher, than to give a receipt for making yourself a good novelist. Write a hundred drafts, none of them above two pages long; let each be so expressed that every word is necessary; practise putting anecdotes into the most pregnant and effective shapes; and after ten years devoted to these and various subsidiary studies, you will have completed your apprenticeship. Few novelists, I suppose, carry out this scheme to the letter; but Stevenson might have approved the spirit of the advice. Nobody would adopt it unless he had the passion for the art, which is a presumption of genius and, without genius, the labor would be wasted. That, indeed, raises one of those points which are so delightful to discuss, because they admit of no precise solution. When people ask whether "form" or "content," style or matter be the most important, it is like asking whether order or progress should be the aim of a statesman, or whether strength or activity be most needed for an athlete. Both are essential, and neither excellence will supersede necessity for the other. If you have nothing to say, there is no manner of saying it well; and if not well said, your something is as good as nothing. For Stevenson, the question of style was the most pressing. His mind was already, as it continued to be, swarming with any number of projects; he was always acting "some fragment from his dream of human life;" the storehouse of his imagination was full to overflowing, and the question was not what to say, but how to say it. Moreover, a singular delicacy of organization gave him a love of words for their own sake; the mere sound of "Jehovah Tsidkenu" gave him a thrill (it does not thrill me!); he was sensitive from childhood to as-

sonance and alliteration, and in his later essay upon the "technical elements of style" shows how a sentence in the "Areopagitica" involves a cunning use of the letters P V F. Language, in short, had to him a music independently of its meaning. That, no doubt, is one element of literary effect, though without a fine ear it would be hopeless to decide what pleases; and the finest ear cannot lay down the conditions of pleasing. This precocious sensitiveness developed into a clear appreciation of various qualities of style. Like other young men, he began by imitating; taking for models such curiously different writers as Hazlitt, Sir Thomas Browne, Defoe, Hawthorne, Montaigne, Beaudelaire and Ruskin. In the ordinary cases imitation implies that the model is taken as a master. Milton probably meant, in youth, to be a second Spenser. But the variety of Stevenson's models implies an absence of strict discipleship. He was trying to discover the secret which gave distinction to any particular style; and without adopting the manner would know how to apply it on occasion for any desired effect. How impressionable he was is curiously shown by his statement towards the end of his life, that he would not read Livy for fear of the effect upon his style. He had long before acquired a style of his own so distinctive that such a danger would strike no one else. I will not dwell upon its merits. They have been set forth, far better than I could hope to do, in Prof. Raleigh's admirable study. He is a critic who shares the perceptiveness of his author. I will only note one point. A "stylist" sometimes becomes a mannerist; he acquires tricks of speech which intrude themselves inappropriately. Stevenson's general freedom from this fault implies that hatred to the commonplace formula of which I have spoken. His words are always alive. He came to insist chief-

ly upon the importance of condensation. "There is but one art," he says, "the art to omit;" or, as Pope puts it, perhaps more accurately, "the last and greatest art" is the "art to blot." That is a corollary from the theory of the right word. A writer is an "amateur," says Stevenson, "who says in two sentences what can be said in one." The artist puts his whole meaning into one perfectly accurate line, while a feeblener hand tries to correct one error by superposing another, and ends by making a blur of the whole.

Stevenson, by whatever means, acquired not only a delicate style, but a style of his own. If it sometimes reminds one of models, it does not suggest that he is speaking in a feigned voice. I think, indeed, that this precocious preoccupation with style suggests an excess of self-consciousness; a daintiness which does not allow us to forget the presence of the artist. But Stevenson did not yield to other temptations which beset the lover of exquisite form. He was no "aesthete" in the sense which conveys a reproach. He did not sympathize with the doctrine that an artist should wrap up himself in luxurious hedonism and cultivate indifference to active life. He was too much of a boy. A true boy cannot be "aesthetic." He had "day-dreams," but they were of piracy; tacit aspirations towards stirring adventure and active heroism. He dreams of a future waking. Stevenson's energies had to take the form of writing; and though he talks about his "art" a little more solemnly than one would wish, he betrays a certain hesitation as to its claims. In a late essay, he suggests that a man who has failed in literature should take to some "more manly way of life." To "live by pleasure," he declares, "is not a high calling;" and he illustrates the proposition by speaking of such a life (not quite seriously) as a kind of intellectual prostitution. He

laments his disqualification for active duties. "I think 'David Balfour' a nice little book," he says, "and very artistic and just the thing to occupy the leisure of a busy life; but for the top flower of a man's life it seems to be inadequate. . . . I could have wished to be otherwise busy in this world. I ought to have been able to build light houses and write 'David Balfours' too." This may be considered as the legitimate outcome of the boyish mood. It might have indicated a budding Nelson instead of a budding writer of romance. One result was the curious misunderstanding set forth in the interesting letters to Mr. William Archer. Mr. Archer had pleased him by an early appreciation; but had—as Stevenson complains—taken him for a "rosy-gilled æsthetico-æsthete;" whereas he was really at this time "a rickety and cloistered spectre." To Mr. Archer Stevenson's optimism seemed to indicate superabundant health and a want of familiarity with sorrow and sickness. A rheumatic fever, it was suggested, would try his philosophy. Mr. Archer's hypothesis (if fairly reported) was of course the reverse of the fact. Stevenson's whole career was a heroic struggle against disease, and it is needless to add that his sympathy with other sufferers was such as became an exquisitely sensitive nature. Neither would he admit that he overlooked the enormous mass of evil in the world. His view is characteristic. His own position as an invalid, with "the circle of impotence closing very slowly but quite steadily round him," makes him indignant with the affectation of the rich and the strong "bleating about their sorrows and the burthen of life." In a world so full of evil "one dank and dispirited word" is harmful, and it is the business of art to present gay and bright pictures which may send the reader on his way rejoicing. Then ingeniously turning the tables, he ar-

gues that Mr. Archer's acceptance of pessimism shows him to be a happy man, "raging at the misery of others." Had his critic tried for himself "what unhappiness was like," he would have found how much compensation it retains. He admits the correctness of one of Mr. Archer's remarks that he has "a voluntary aversion from the painful sides of life." On the voyage to the leper settlement at Molokai he speaks of the Zola view of the human animal; and upon reaching the place sees "sights that cannot be told and hears stories that cannot be repeated." M. Zola would have managed perhaps to tell and repeat. Stevenson is sickened by the spectacle but "touched to the heart by the sight of lovely and effective virtues in the helpless." The background of the loathsome is there; but he would rather dwell upon the moral beauty relieved against it.

Stevenson might certainly claim that his optimism did not imply want of experience or want of sympathy. And, indeed, one is inclined to ask why the question should be raised at all. A man must be a very determined pessimist if he thinks it wrong for an artist to express moods of cheerfulness or the simple joy of eventful living. We may surely be allowed to be sometimes in high spirits. It would require some courage to infer from "Treasure Island" that the author held any philosophy. Stevenson, of course, was not a philosopher in such a sense as would have entitled him to succeed to the chair of Sir William Hamilton at Edinburgh. Yet it is true that he had some very strong and very characteristic convictions upon the questions in which philosophy touches the conduct of life. The early difficulties, the abandonment of the regular professional careers, the revolt against the yoke of the lesser catechism, the sentence to a life of invalidism enforced much reflection, some results of which

are embodied in various essays. A curious indication of the progress of thought is given in his account of the "books which influenced him." It is a strangely miscellaneous list. He begins with Shakespeare, Dumas and Bunyan; then comes Montaigne, always a favorite; next, "in order of time," the Gospel according to St. Matthew; and then Walt Whitman. By an odd transition (as he observes elsewhere) Walt Whitman's influence blends with that of Mr. Herbert Spencer. "I should be much of a hound," he says, "if I lost my gratitude to Herbert Spencer." Next comes Lewes's "Life of Goethe"—though there is no one whom he "less admires than Goethe." Martial, Marcus Aurelius, Wordsworth and Mr. G. Meredith's "Egoist" follow, and he notes that an essay of Hazlitt "on the spirit of obligation" formed a "turning-point in his life." One would have been glad of a comment upon the last, for the essay is one in which Hazlitt shows his most cynical side, and explains how frequently envy and selfishness are concealed under a pretence of conferring obligations. Stevenson, perhaps, took it as he took Mr. Meredith's novel, for an ethical lecture, revealing the Protean forms of egoism more or less common to us all.

Stevenson clearly was not one of the young gentlemen who get up a subject systematically. He read as chance and curiosity dictated. A new author did not help him to fill up gaps in a theory; but became a personal friend, throwing out pregnant hints and suggesting rapid glances from various points of view into different aspects of life. Each writer in turn carried on a lively and suggestive conversation with him; but he cares little for putting their remarks into the framework of an abstract theory. He does not profess to form any judgment of Mr. Spencer's system; he is content to find him "bracing,

manly and honest." He feels the ethical stimulant. He is attracted by all writers whose words have the ring of genuine first-hand conviction; who reveal their own souls—with a good many defects, it may be, but at least bring one into contact with a bit of real unsophisticated human nature. He can forgive Walt Whitman's want of form, and rejoice in the "barbaric yawp" which utterly rejects and denounces effete conventionalism. What he hates above all is the Pharisee. "Respectability," he says in "Lay Morals," is "the deadliest gag and wet blanket that can be laid on man." He is, that is to say, a Bohemian; but he is a Bohemian who is tempered for good or (as some critics would say) for bad by morality and the lesser catechism. He sympathizes with Whitman's combination of egoism and altruism. "Morality has been ceremoniously extruded at the door (by Whitman) only to be brought in again by the window." So Stevenson's Bohemianism only modifies without obliterating his moral prejudices. Scotsman as he was to the verge of fanaticism, he refused to shut his eyes to the coarser elements in the national idol. The "Lay Morals" is specially concerned with the danger of debasing the moral currency. In spirit the Christian principles are absolutely right; but as soon as they are converted into an outward law, the spirit tends to be superseded by the letter, and the hypocrite finds a convenient shelter under the formula which has parted company from the true purpose. An interesting bit of autobiography is made to illustrate the point. "Thou shalt not steal," he says, is a good rule; but what is stealing? Something is to be said for the communist theory that property is theft. While his father was supporting him at the University, where he was surrounded by fellow students whose lives were cramped by poverty, he consid-

ered that his allowance could be excusable only when regarded as a loan advanced by mankind. He lived as sparingly as he could, grudged himself all but necessities, and hoped that in time he might repay the debt by his services.

No very definite conclusion was to emerge from such speculation. Stevenson was to become a novelist, not a writer of systematic treatises upon ethics or sociology. The impulses, however, survived in various forms. They are shown, for example, in the striking essay called "*Pulvis et Umbra*." It is his answer to the pessimistic view of men considered as merely multiplying and struggling units. Everywhere we find that man has yet aspirations and imperfect virtues. "Of all earth's meteors," he says, "here, at least, is the most strange and consoling; that this ennobled lemur, this hair-crowned bubble of the dust, this inheritor of a few years and sorrows, should yet deny himself his rare delights and add to his frequent pains and live for an ideal, however misconceived." This view implies his sympathy with the publican as against the Pharisee. We should cherish whatever aspirations may exist, even in the pot-house or the brothel, instead of simply enforcing conformity to the law. We should like the outcast because he is, after all, the really virtuous person. To teach a man blindly to obey public opinion is to "discredit in his eyes the one authoritative voice of his own soul. He may be a docile citizen; he will never be a man." The sanctity of the individual in this sense explains, perhaps, what was the teaching in which Walt Whitman and Mr. Herbert Spencer seemed to him to coincide.

The "philosophy" is the man. It is the development of the old boyish sentiment. Disease and trouble might do their worst; the career of the "pirate," or even more creditable forms of the

adventurous, might be impracticable; but at least he could meet life gallantly, find inexhaustible interest even in trifling occupations when thrown upon his back by ill-health, and cheer himself against temptations to pessimistic melancholy by sympathy with every human being who showed a touch of the heroic spirit. His essay upon the old "*Admirals*" is characteristic. His heart goes out to Nelson, with his "peerage or Westminster Abbey," and even more to the four marines of the "*Wager*," abandoned of necessity to a certain death, but who yet, as they watched their comrades pulling away, gave three cheers and cried, "God bless the King!" In "*Æs triplex*" he gives the same moral with a closer application to himself:—

It is best [he says] to begin your follo; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push, see what can be finished in a week. . . . All who have meant good work with their whole heart have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. . . . Life goes down with a better grace foaming in full tide over a precipice, than miserably struggling to an end in sandy deltas.

That, he explains, is the true meaning of the saying about those whom the gods love. At whatever age death may come, the man who dies so dies young.

This gallant spirit combined with extraordinarily quick and vivid sympathy, gives, I think, a main secret of the charm which endeared Stevenson both to friends and readers. His writings showed anything, but the insensibility to human sorrows of the jovial, full-blooded athlete. It must be admitted, however, that if he did not ignore the darker side of things, he disliked dwelling upon it or admitting the necessity of surrender to melancholy, or even to incorporating such thoughts

in your general view of life. In some of his early work, especially in "Ordered South," his first published essay, and in "Will o' the Mill," a different note of sentiment is sounded. The invalid ordered south is inclined to console himself by reflecting that he is "one too many in the world." This, says Stevenson in a later note, is a "very youthful view." As prolonged life brings more interests, the thought that we cannot play our part becomes more, not less, painful. To some of us, I fear, every year that we live only emphasizes our insignificance. To Stevenson such resignation savored of cowardice. "Will o' the Mill" is certainly one of his most finished and exquisite pieces of work. He told Mr. Balfour that it was written as an "experiment." His own favorite doctrine was that "acts may be forgiven, but not even God can forgive the hanger back;" "Will o' the Mill" was written "to see what could be said in support of the opposite theory." The essay suggests the influence of Hawthorne and shows a similar skill in symbolizing a certain mood. It implies, no doubt, a capacity for so far assuming the mood as to make it harmonious or self-consistent; but I cannot perceive that it makes it attractive. Translated into vulgar realism, Will would be a stout innkeeper, who will not risk solid comfort by marrying the girl whom he likes. He hardly loves her. He prefers to help his guests to empty his cellar. Will lives in so vague a region that we do not test him as we should in real life; but, after all, the story affects me less as an apology than as a satire. If that be really all that can be said for the prudential view of life, it is surely as contemptible as Stevenson thought the corresponding practice. He has a little grudge against Matthew Arnold, whose general merits he acknowledges, for having introduced him to Obermann, for in Obermann he

finds only "inhumanity." The contrast is shown, as Professor Raleigh points out, by Arnold's poem on the "Grande Chartreuse" and Stevenson's "Our Lady of the Snows." Arnold is tempted for the time to seek peace among the recluses, though he cannot share their belief. Stevenson "treats them" to a sharp remonstrance. He prefers to be "up and doing." He warns them that the Lord takes delight in deeds, and approves those who—

Still with laughter, song and shout,
Spin the great wheel of earth about.

"Perhaps," he concludes,

Our cheerful general on high
With careless look may pass you by.

If I had to accept either estimate as complete I should agree with Stevenson. Yet Stevenson's attitude shows his limitations. The sentiment which makes men ascetic monks; the conviction of the corruption of mankind; of the futility of all worldly pleasures; the renunciation of the active duties of life; and the resolute trampling upon the flesh as the deadly enemy of the spirit, may strike us as cowardly and immoral, or at best represents Milton's "fugitive and cloistered virtue." Still it is a mood which has been so conspicuous in many periods that it is clearly desirable to recognize whatever appeal it contained to the deeper instincts of humanity. Matthew Arnold recurred fondly but provisionally to the peacefulness and harmony of the old order of conception, though he was as convinced as any one that it rested on a decayed foundation. The enlightenment of the species is, of course, desirable, and may lead ultimately to a more satisfactory solution; for the moment its destructive and materializing tendencies justify a tender treatment of the survival of the old ideal. Stevenson was no bigot, and could most

cordially admire the Catholic spirit as embodied in the heroism of a Father Damien. But when it took this form of simple renunciation it did not appeal to him. In fact it corresponds to the kind of pessimism which was radically uncongenial. Life, for him, is, or can be made, essentially bright and full of interest. He agrees with Mr. Herbert Spencer that it is a duty to be happy; and to be happy not by crushing your instincts but by finding employment for them. Confined to his bed and sentenced to silence, he could still preserve his old boyishness; even his childish amusements. "We grown people," he says in an essay, "can tell ourselves a story, give and take strokes till the bucklers ring, ride far and fast, marry, fall and die; all the while sitting quietly by the fire or lying prone in bed"—whereas a child must have a toy sword or fight with a bit of furniture. Indeed he was not above toys in later days. He spent a large part of one winter, as Mr. Balfour tells us, building with toy bricks; and beginning to join in a schoolboy's amusement of tin soldiers, developed an elaborate "war game" which occupied many hours at Davos. We can understand why Symonds called him "sprite." The amazing vitality which kept him going under the most depressing influences was combined with the "sprite's" capricious, and, to most adults, unintelligible modes of spending superfluous energy. Whatever he took up, serious or trifling, novel writing, childish toys, or even for a time, political agitation, he threw his whole soul into it as if it were the sole object of existence. He impressed one at first sight as a man whose nerves were always in a state of over-tension. Baxter says that Cromwell was a man "of such a vivacity, hilarity and alacrity as another man hath when he hath drunken a cup too much."¹ Stevenson—not very like Cromwell in other respects—seemed to

find excitement a necessity of existence. He speaks to a correspondent of the timidity of youth. "I was," he says, "a particularly brave boy"—ready to plunge into rash adventures, but "In fear of that strange, blind machinery in which I stood. I fear life still," he adds, and "that terror for an adventurer like myself is one of the chief joys of living." Terror keeps one wide awake and highly strung. Inextinguishable playfulness, with extraordinary quickness of sympathy; an impulsiveness that means accessibility to every generous and heroic nature; and a brave heart in a feeble body, ought to be, as they are, most fascinating qualities. But it is true that they imply a limitation. So versatile a nature, glancing off at every contact, absorbed for the moment by every impulse, has not much time for listening to the "Cherub Contemplation." Stevenson turns from "the painful aspects of life," not from the cowardice which refuses to look one in the face; but from the courage which manages to not turn us a counter irritant. His "view of life," he says, "is essentially the comic and the romantically comic." He loves, as he explains, the comedy "which keeps the beauty and touches the terrors of life;" which tells its story "not with the one eye of pity, but with the two of pity and mirth." We should arrange our little drama so that, without ignoring the tragic element, the net outcome may be a state of mind in which the terror becomes, as danger became to Nelson, a source of joyous excitement.

What I have so far said has more direct application to the essayist than to the novelist; and to most readers, I suppose, the novelist is the more interesting of the two. As an essayist, however, Stevenson becomes an unconscious critic of the stories. The essays

¹ A similar remark was made about Ninon de l'Enclos. They make a queer trio.

define the point of view adopted by the story-teller. One quality is common to all his writings. The irrepressible youthfulness must be remembered to do justice to the essays. We must not ask for deep thought employed upon long experience; or expect to be impressed, as we are impressed in reading Bacon, by aphorisms in which the wisdom of a lifetime seems to be concentrated. We admire the quick feeling, the dexterity and nimbleness of intellect. The thought of "Crabbed Age and Youth" is obvious enough, but the performance reminds us of Robin Oig in "Kidnapped." He repeated the air played by Alan Breck, but "with such ingenuity and sentiment, with so odd a fancy and so quick a knack in the grace-notes that I was amazed to hear him." Stevenson's "grace-notes" give fresh charm to the old theme. The critical essays, again, may not imply a very wide knowledge of literature or familiarity with orthodox standards of judgment. They more than atone for any such defects by the freshness and genuine ring of youthful enthusiasm. I am hopelessly unable, for example, to appreciate Walt Whitman. Stevenson himself only regretted that he had qualified his enthusiasm by noticing too pointedly some of his author's shortcomings. The shortcomings still stick in my throat; but if I cannot catch the enthusiasm my dulness is so far enlightened that I can partly understand why Whitman fascinated Stevenson and other good judges. That, at least, is so much clear gain. To read Stevenson's criticisms is like revisiting a familiar country with a young traveller who sees it for the first time. He probably makes some remarks that we have heard before; but he is capable of such a thrill of surprise as Keats received from Chapman's "Homer."

The "love of youth," says Mr. Henry James in an admirable essay, "is

the beginning and end of Stevenson's message." Mr. James was writing before Stevenson's last publications, and was thinking specially perhaps of "Treasure Island." Now to me, I confess, for I fear that it is a confession, "Treasure Island" is the one story which I can admire without the least qualification or reserve. The aim may not be the highest, but it is attained with the most thorough success. It may be described as a "message" in the sense that it appeals to the boyish element. Stevenson has described the fit of inspiration in which he wrote it. He had a schoolboy for audience; his father became a schoolboy to collaborate; and when published it made schoolboys of Gladstone and of the editor of the "cynical" "Saturday Review." We believe in it as we believe in "Robinson Crusoe." My only trouble is that I have always thought that, had I been in command of the "Hispaniola" I should have adopted a different line of defence against the conspirators. My plan would have spoilt the story, but I regret the error as I regret certain real blunders which were supposed to have changed the course of history. I have always wondered that, after such a proof of his powers of fascination, Stevenson should only have achieved full recognition by "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." That book, we are told, was also written in a fit of inspiration, suggested by dreaming a "fine bogey tale." The public liked it because it became an allegory—a circumstance, I fear, which does not attract me. But considered as a "bogey tale," able to revive the old thrill of delicious horror in one who does not care for psychical research, it has the same power of carrying one away by its imaginative intensity. These masterpieces in their own way suggest one remark. Mr. Balfour points out that Stevenson did an enormous quantity of work, considering not only his ill health

but the fact that he often worked very slowly, that he destroyed many sketches, and that he rewrote some articles as often as seven or eight times. Thanks to his "dire industry," as he said himself, he had "done more with smaller gifts" (one must excuse the modest formula), "than almost any man of letters in the world." The restless energy, however, did not mean persistent labor upon one task; but a constant alternation of tasks. When inspiration failed him for one book he took up another, and waited for the fit to return. One result is that there is often a want of continuity, when his stories do not, as in "Treasure Island," represent a single uninterrupted effort. "Kidnapped," for example, is made up of two different stories, and "The Wrecker" is a curious example of piecing together heterogeneous fragments. Moreover, a good deal of the work is the product of a feebler exercise of the fancy intercalated between the general fits of inspiration. The undeniably successful books, where he has thrown himself thoroughly into the spirit of the story, stand out among a good deal of very inferior merit. I will confine myself to speaking of the four Scottish novels which appear to be accepted as his best achievements, and to endeavoring to point out what was the proper sphere of his genius.

They represent a development of the "Treasure Island" method. He began "Kidnapped" as another book for boys, and the later stories may be classed for some purposes with the Waverley series. Stevenson was fond of discussing the classification of novels. He contrasts the "novel of adventure," the novel of character, and the dramatic novel. Properly speaking, this is not a classification of radically different species, but an indication of the different sources of interest upon which a novelist may draw. "Adventure" need not exclude "character." A

perfect novel might accept, with a change of name, Mr. Meredith's title, "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." The facts are interesting, because they show character in the crucible; and the character displays itself most forcibly by the resulting action. A complete fusion, however, is, no doubt, rare, and requires consummate art. "Treasure Island," of course, is a pure novel of adventure. It satisfies what he somewhere describes as the criterion of a good "romance." The writer and his readers throw themselves into the events, enjoy the thrilling excitement, and do not bother themselves with questions of psychology. "Treasure Island," indeed, contains Silver, who, to my mind, is his most successful hero. But Silver incarnates the spirit in which the book is to be read; the state of mind in which we accept genial good humor as a complete apology for cold-blooded murder. Piracy is for the time to be merely one side of the game; and in a serious picture of human life, which of course is out of our sphere, we should have required a further attempt to reconcile us to the psychological monstrosity. In the later stories we assume that the adventurers are to be themselves interesting as well as the adventure. Still the story is to hold the front place. We may come to be attracted to the problems of character presented by the author, but the development of the story must never for a moment be sacrificed to expositions of the sentiments. We must not expect from Stevenson such reflections as Thackeray indulges upon the "Vanity of Vanities" or a revelation, such as George Eliot gives in "The Mill on the Floss," of the inner life of the heroine. Either method may be right for its own purpose; and I mean so far only to define, not to criticize, Stevenson's purpose. It is not only possible to tell a story in Stevenson's manner, "cutting

off the flesh off the bones" of his stories, as he says, and yet to reveal the characters; but critics who object to all intrusions of the author as commentator hold this to be the most legitimate and effective method. Here, however, the limitation means something more than a difference of method. I do not think, to speak frankly, that any novelist of power comparable to his has created so few living and attractive characters. Mr. Sidney Colvin confesses to having been for a time blinded to the imaginative force of the "Beach at Falesa" by his dislike to the three wretched heroes. One is deservedly shot, and two others, credited with some redeeming points, lose whatever interest they possessed when they accepted conversion to avoid death from a missionary's revolver. However vivid the scenery I cannot follow the fate of such wretches with a pretence of sympathy. There is a similar drawback about the "Master of Ballantrae." The younger brother, who is blackmailed by the utterly reprobate Master, ought surely to be interesting instead of being simply sullen and dogged. In the later adventures we are invited to forgive him on the ground that his brain has been affected; but the impression upon me is that he is sacrificed throughout to the interests of the story. He is cramped in character because a man of any real strength would have broken the meshes upon which the adventure depends. The curious exclusion of woman is natural in the purely boyish stories, since to a boy woman is simply an incumbrance upon reasonable modes of life. When in "Catriona" Stevenson introduces a love-story, it is still unsatisfactory because David Balfour is so much of the undeveloped animal, that his passion is clumsy, and his charm for the girl unintelligible. I cannot feel, to say the truth, that in any of these stories I am really living among human beings with

whom, apart from their adventures, I can feel any very lively affection or antipathy. Mr. Balfour praises Stevenson for his sparing use of the pathetic. That is to apologize for a weakness on the ground that it is not the opposite weakness. It is quite true that an excessive use of pathos is offensive, but it is equally true that a power of appealing to our sympathies by genuine pathos is a mark of the highest power in fiction. The novelist has to make us feel that it is a necessity, not a mere luxury, that he is forced to weep, not weeping to exhibit his sensibility, but to omit it altogether is to abnegate one of his chief functions. That Stevenson's feelings, far from being cold, were abnormally keen, can be doubted by no one; and his view of fiction keeps him out of the regions in which pathos is appropriate. Any way, I feel that there is a whole range of sentiment familiar to other writers which Stevenson rarely enters or even touches.

The character to which I am generally referred as a masterpiece is that of Alan Breck. Mr. Henry James speaks of that excellent Highlander as a psychological triumph, and regards him as a study of the passion for glory. Mr. James speaks with authority; and I will admit that he is a very skilful combination of the hero and the braggart—qualities which are sometimes combined, as they were to some degree in Nelson and Wolfe. Somehow, perhaps because I am not a Gael, I can never feel that he is fully alive. He suggests to me the artist's study, not the man who appeals to us because his creator has really thrown himself unreservedly into the part. When I compare him for example with Dugald Dalgetty (I must venture a comparison for once) he seems to illustrate the difference between skilful construction and genial intuition. He may suggest one other point. Scott was

for Stevenson the "King of the Roman-ticists." Romance, as understood by Scott, meant among other things the attempt to revive a picture of old social conditions. He was interested, in his own phraseology, in the contrast between ancient and modern manners, and his favorite periods are those in which the feudal ideals came into conflict with the more modern commercial state. This interest often interferes with his art as a story-teller. The hero of Waverley for example, is a mere walking letter of introduction to Fergus MacIvor, the type of a chief of a clan modified by modern civilization. The story halts in order to give us a full portrait of the state of things in which a semi-barbarous order was confronted with the opposing forces. Scott, in fact, began from a profound interest in the social phenomena (to use a big word) around him. He was full of the legends, the relics of the old customs and ways of thought, but was also a lawyer and a keen politician. His story-telling often represents a subordinate aim. Stevenson just reverses the process. He started as an "artist," abnormally sensitive to the qualities of style and literary effect to which Scott was audaciously indifferent. His first interest is in any scene or story which will fit in with his artistic purposes. Life swarmed with themes for romance, as rivers are made to supply canals. The attitude is illustrated by his incursions into politics. He was stirred to wrath by Mr. Gladstone's desertion (as he thought it) of Gordon, and could not afterwards write a letter to the guilty statesman because he would have had to sign himself "Your fellow-criminal in the sight of God." He was roused by the boycotting of the Curtin family to such a degree that he could scarcely be withheld from settling on their farm to share their dangers and stir his countrymen to a sense of shame. His

righteous indignation in the case of Father Damien, and the zeal with which he threw himself into the Samoan troubles, are equally in character. The small scale of the Samoan business made it a personal question. He came to the conclusion, however, that politics meant "the darkest, most foolish and most random of human employments," and though he had an aversion to Gladstone, had no definite political creed. Political strife, that is, only touched him when some individual case appealed to the chivalrous sentiment. In the same way the story of the clans interests him by its artistic capabilities. The flight of Alan Breck gave an opportunity, seized with admirable skill, for a narrative of exciting adventure; and he takes full advantage of picturesque figures in the history of his time. But one peculiarity is significant. The adventure turns upon a murder which, according to him, was not committed, though certainly not disapproved, by Alan Breck. Now, complicity in murder, or, let us say, homicide, is a circumstance of some importance. Before landlord-shooting is regarded as a venial or a commendable practice we ought to be placed at the right point of view to appreciate it. We cannot take it as easily as Mr. Silver took piracy. We should see enough of the evictions or of the social state of the clansmen to direct our sympathies. No doubt if Stevenson had insisted upon such things, he would have written a different book. He would have had to digress from the adventures and to introduce characters irrelevant in that sense, who might have been types of the classes of a semi-civilized society. Perhaps the pure story of adventure is a better thing. I only say that it involves the omission of a great many aspects of life which have been the main preoccupation of novelists of a different class. Stevenson once told

Mr. Balfour that a novelist might devise a plot and find characters to suit, or he might reverse the process; or finally, he might take a certain atmosphere and get "both persons and actions to express it." He wrote the "Merry Men" as embodying the sentiment caused by a sight of a Scottish island. That, indeed, is an explanation of some of his most skilful pieces of work, and the South Seas as well as his beloved country gave materials for such "impressionist" pictures. But besides the atmosphere of scenery, there is what may be called the social atmosphere. To reproduce the social atmosphere of a past epoch is the aim—generally missed—of the historical novelist; but it is the prerogative of the more thoughtful novelist to set before you in concrete types, not only personal character but the moral and intellectual idiosyncrasies of the epoch, whether remote or contemporary. The novelist is not to lecture; but the great novels give the very age and body of the time "its form and feature." I will give no instances because they would be superfluous and also because they would suggest a comparison which I would rather exclude as misleading. That is the element which is absent from Stevenson's work.

The affection which Stevenson inspires needs no justification. The man's extraordinary gallantry, his tender-heartedness, the chivalrous interest so easily roused by any touch of heroism, the generosity shown in his hearty appreciation of possible rivals, are beyond praise. His rapid glances at many aspects of life show real insight and singular delicacy, a sensibility of moral instinct, and the thought is expressed or gently indicated with the most admirable literary tact. The praise of versatility again is justified by the variety of themes which he has touched, always with vivacity and often with a masterly handling within

certain limits. When panegyrics, dwelling upon these topics, have been most unreservedly accepted, it is a mistake to claim incompatible merits. The "Bohemian"—taking Stevenson's version of the character—the man who looks from the outside upon the ordinary humdrum citizen, may be a very fascinating personage; but he really lacks something. Delighted with the exceptional and the picturesque, he has less insight into the more ordinary and, after all, most important springs of action. The excitable temperament, trying to stir every moment of life with some thrill of vivid feeling, and dreaming adventures to fill up every interstice of active occupation, is hardly compatible with much reflection. The writer, whose writing is the outcome of long experience, who has brooded long and patiently over the problems of life, who has tried to understand the character of his fellows and to form tenable ideals for himself, may not have accepted any systematic philosophy; but he represents the impression made by life upon a thoughtful mind, and has formed some sort of coherent and often professedly interesting judgment upon its merits. He is sometimes a bore, it is true; but sometimes, too, we have experience which is ripe without being mouldy. The rapid, vivid "Sprite," the natural Bohemian impinging upon society at a dozen different parts, turning from the painful aspects of life, and from the first considering life as intended to suggest romance rather than romance as reflecting life could not possibly secrete that kind of wisdom. He had a charm of his own, and I do not inquire whether it was better or worse; I only think that we do him injustice when we claim merits belonging to a different order. His admirers hold that "Weir of Hermiston" would have shown profounder insight founded upon longer experience. I will not

argue the point. That it contains one very powerful scene is undeniable. That it shows power of rivalling on their own ground the great novelists who have moved in a higher sphere is not plain to me. At any rate, the claim seems to be a tacit admission

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of the absence of certain qualities from the previous work. "He might have" implies "he did not." But I have said enough to indicate what I take to be the right method of appreciating Stevenson without making untenable claims.

Leslie Stephen.

WHERE THE PELICAN BUILDS ITS NEST.

The sun shines on no more desolate or dreary country than the Great Never Never Land of Australia, whose grim deserts have claimed many a victim to the cause of knowledge.

The explorer's life in these deadly solitudes is not one of many pleasures. Rather do unpleasant possibilities forever obtrude upon his weary brain, until he is well nigh distraught, or at least reduced to a morbid state of melancholy in keeping with his miserable surroundings. Little wonder is it that disaster so often attends the traveller in those lonely lands. The strongest will becomes weakened by the insidious influences of the country, and the most buoyant spirit is quickly dulled. All Nature seems to conspire against him. The stunted mulga and mallee shrubs afford no welcome shade; they dot the sand-wastes in monotonous even growths, and the eye is wearied by their everlasting motionless presence. The saltbush clumps and spinifex patches conceal hideous reptiles. Snakes and centipedes crawl across the track; scaly lizards, venomous scorpions, ungainly bungarrows, and a host of nameless pests are always near to torture and distract. Even the birds are imbued with a profound solemnity that adds still more to the wanderer's depression. The pelican stands owl-like in his path as if to guard from intrusion its undiscovered home; the carrion-

crow with its ominous scream is forever circling overhead; and the mope's dull monotone is as a calling from a shadowy world.

With this introductory apology, as it were, for my plainly written narrative, I give you a story of travel, a note from a wanderer's log, a mere incident of many, from that land of interminable sand-wastes.

We were three months out on an expedition from Kalgoorlie to the Gulf country, and fortune had been friendly during that time, leading us to clay-pans, native wells and water-holes, opportunely as our store of the precious fluid gave out. Our course was as a triumphal march, and my old comrade, Mac, who had often endured the horrid pangs of thirst in similar tracts, shook his head doubtfully at our good luck. "We'll hae tae to suffer for this yet," he would say, and I could not but think there might be truth in the words.

My party consisted of four in all; Phillip Moresby, a young Cambridge graduate, was the geologist and my right-hand man. Mac and Stewart were two muscular Scotsmen who had served me in good stead on many previous journeys. They were imbued with the dare-devil spirit of the rover and were content to follow, or, as they put it, to "risk their carcasses," wherever I might lead.

Our equipment was dangerously sim-

ple; five pack horses and two camels bore our complete outfit, and considering that our mining implements included a boring-plant and "dolly" arrangement, it may be understood that the necessities of life were cut down to a minimum.

The two best horses, Sir John and Reprieve, carried the bulky water-bags only; the others—poor miserable specimens of horseflesh, emaciated and worn by their long march and never-varying diet of spinifex and saltbush-tips—paced wearily on with jolting burdens of tinned meats (*tinned dog* in the bushman's vocabulary), flour and extracts—the sum total of the explorer's needs.

The camels were strong and wiry. Slavery had been with me on a former expedition; we knew his powers to a nicety, and he never failed us. Misery was a young and fiery bull that needed much watching. He was rather vicious and surly, and not infrequently had to be coaxed along by the aid of nose-tweezers; yet he was a powerful and enduring animal, and bore his burden well, if less patiently than his neighbor.

On the morning of August 22d, 1898, we were camped in latitude 26 degrees 37 minutes 43 seconds, longitude 128 degrees 9 minutes 7 seconds, by the side of a much evaporated soak—the residue of a previous rainfall, but how long previous was beyond conjecture.

We had reached the eastern limit of our march and found no auriferous country. Phil, it is true, had accumulated a collection of water-worn colored pebbles which he fondly called rubies, and his joy was shared by Mac and Stewart who swore by Phil's knowledge. I called his specimens garnets, worth, perhaps, a few shillings an ounce, but then my experience was general and at best but superficial, and I did not trouble my head about the specific gravity, which factor was the

all-important one to Phil. However, at this camp we held a council to decide the course of our further journeyings. The country in the vicinity was a vast rolling plain strewn with ironstone rubble and conglomerate boulders; but in the far eastward distance a dim hazy outline seemed to interrupt the horizon's even curve, and I noted in my log-book: "Viewed at a distance of about twenty miles mountain range, apparently basalt formation, sides precipitous, district rolling sand plain."

We named the soak Doubtful Water, which title had a double significance; it could not be relied upon to retain its fluid contents, and it also in a sense, described our plans at that time, for they were very doubtful indeed.

Our expedition had been undertaken in the hope of acquiring geographical knowledge of an unknown tract of country; but then, like many others, I had dreamed of flowing rivers and beautiful green valleys, grassy downs and luxurious forests. I had hoped also to encounter auriferous country, which was my reason for transporting unwieldy machinery over those barren sands. To be strictly truthful, I should say that it was really the supposed Eldorado of the Interior that had been my visionary incentive.

And now we had travelled across country full five hundred miles, to find only sand and spinifex, saltbush and mallee scrub, ironstone rubble, and barren quartz boulders! My disappointment was keen, and Mac did not improve my good temper when he caustically asked, "An' whaur's the land o' promise noo?" I looked at the camels listlessly chewing the fibrous ends of saltbush clumps, then at the skeleton frames of the horses as they lay gasping in the sand, too weary to eat. "You've got the rubies, Mac," I said quizzically; "what more do you want?"

"We'll shift our course to northward, boys," I said that evening, as we gazed

at each other through the smoke of our campfire. "Hang it all," said Phil, who was youthful and enterprising, "won't you let us have a look at the mountains?" "Mountains be jiggered," muttered Stewart; "A dinna wan't another spike in the back." He referred to a previous experience of his when in the vicinity of the Leopold Mountains in the Northwest.

"There is not much to be gained so far as I can see," I answered. "The natives will probably be numerous, and as a matter of course, unfriendly—" "But the formations?" interrupted Phil eagerly. "Basalt, or diorite, or sandstone—nothing gold-bearing," I replied rather sharply. I had mapped out a course at the start in which the 128th degree of longitude was to be the extent of our easting; we had arrived at that bearing now, and having encountered nothing but the most miserable sand country, there was little encouragement to proceed.

However, Phil was most anxious to explore the shadowy ranges. He had never seen a mountain in West Australia before, he explained. Mac and Stewart now supported his wish with much ingenious argument, the latter having apparently forgotten his prejudices in that direction, and in a weak moment I consented to their entreaties.

An extract from my log dated August 23d, 1898, reads as follows: "Decided to explore mountain on horizon. Started 9 A.M. Course due East. Slavery and Misery shaping well, but horses failing rapidly." Before we had gone ten miles one of the horses had to be shot; it was literally too weak to stand, and the poor brute's agony was being but needlessly prolonged. Slavery received much additional burden in consequence, but he merely looked sorrowfully at me as I pulled on his saddle-ropes, and continued his melancholy march.

As we approached our new objective,

the country gradually became altered, until when within a few miles of the mountain, the surface appeared strewn with great ironstone boulders of peculiar shape; and deep dry ravines, half filled with iron-sand silt, tore up the ground in long parallel courses.

It was indeed a strange sight and I marvelled greatly at the extraordinary geological features shown. But we were yet to be more surprised; as we neared the base of the mountain, that now presented to us a face of somewhat precipitous ascent, great "blows" of basalt rock reared high above the ground and deep pit-like cavities penetrated the iron formations, marking a semi-circular line of indentations. And in these strange craters a greenish yellow fluid seethed and foamed, sending up thin columns of pungent blue vapor that rose through the quivering heat-haze and dissolved high above our heads. Phil's explanation of the phenomenon was elaborate and by no means uninteresting. He analyzed the fluid and found it to be essentially salt, yet holding in solution much iron and a considerable percentage of copper. The cauldrons, however, varied considerably in size as in the nature of their contents. In some the liquid literally boiled, and surrounding these a thick crust of salt and lime heightened the pit-levels several feet. Others maintained merely a tepid heat, and they were proved to contain much less foreign matter than their near neighbors; their depths, also, averaged but nine feet, as against a sounding of twenty-seven feet obtained in the hottest and widest cavity.

We camped alongside the least odoriferous of the cauldrons, and now a serious difficulty arose; there was here not even the much maligned saltbush to provide feed for our weary beasts; not even a thorny patch of spinifex could be seen. Far up on the mountain side, a scraggy forest of stunted

Eucalypti found root, but no other form of vegetation was in sight. Our camp was fixed on a solid iron base.

"The pulr animiles canna eat iron-stane," said Mac, sorrowfully surveying the scene. "They'll have to fast again to-night," I replied; "we'll see what can be done in the morning." The poor brutes had fasted so often before that they seemed to have grown quite accustomed to the ordeal; and only sniffed at the sand dejectedly, before laying their tired bodies down to rest.

On the following morning we prepared to thoroughly explore the mountain. This was not to be such an easy process as we imagined, for its extent was much greater than we had at first calculated. It stretched backwards for a considerable distance, presenting to the north and south a saddle-back ridge connecting two dome-like elevations. On the side on which we were camped masses of ironstone rubble banked the base to a considerable height, and extended far out into the plains. From our tent the ascent rose very gradually for a long distance, then sharply rising it culminated in one of the great domes. The lower altitudes were thinly feathered by mallee shrubs and a few sandalwood bushes, but higher up the solid rock appeared, gaunt and bare.

We hobbled the horses and camels and turned them loose to graze on any vegetable growth they might find, which, by the appearance of the country, promised to be rather an unsatisfactory quest. Then we set off on our journey of discovery.

Stewart carried the water-bag, filled with distilled fluid from one of the cauldrons. Mac bore a lengthy coil of rope on his shoulders, to be used in case of emergency, and he also gripped tightly his double-barrelled breech-loader. Phil burdened himself with a pick and a prospector's hammer for tapping the rock and obtaining sam-

ples. I carried only my sextant and my rifle; the former instrument is indispensable to the traveller, the latter is always useful. And so off we went, never dreaming of disaster, without even a piece of damper in our pockets. We were not used to mountaineering in West Australia.

Half an hour's labor brought us to the belt of scrub; and now we saw that the ascent of the mountain was to be no child's play, for the summit towered yet high above us.

As we passed through the leafless forest, which formed no shade, yet obscured our vision, a little incident occurred that altered the whole day's plans and entirely changed the object of our excursion. Stewart, who bore the heaviest load, came last, and we had barely penetrated midway through the brush when he bellowed out, "A crocodile, Phil, a crocodile!"

Phil turned with alacrity, as did we all; and Mac nearly strangled himself in his endeavors to extricate his neck from the cumbrous coil of rope, that he might level his gun at the monster. Stewart had fallen considerably to the rear, and when we returned we found him madly floundering through the brush, in the wake of an enormous bungarrow, that flopped its ungainly limbs energetically in its endeavors to escape. A bungarrow, I should mention, is a fearsome looking animal, half reptile, half saurian, that has its home in the desert interior. Its body underneath is of a dirty yellow color, similar to the ironstone sand; and its back is sheathed in horny scales that easily deflect a bullet. The mouth is enormous, as is also the tail, which tapers to a very fine point. Altogether Stewart's exclamation—"a crocodile"—described the appearance of the animal sufficiently well.

"Take care, Stewart," I warned; "if he bites, you won't forget it in a hurry."

"Nae fear o' that," he shouted back, and disappeared after his elusive prey, closely followed by Mac, who made repeated efforts to sight his blunderbuss on the brute, but without avail.

Phil and I waited for some considerable time for the return of the adventurers. To such a level does Australian travel reduce the mind, that I fear we were speculating whether that bungarrow would be edible! The merciless sun, however, soon brought our thoughts back to us; we were absolutely melting.

"What *has* become of those beggars?" said Phil irritably. At that moment a loud report crashed through the air, causing even the twigs to quiver and die away in long trembling waves of sound. We waited expectantly, but no voices heralded our companions' return. Soon another report thundered along the mountain side, and I groaned in despair. "They are bushed, Phil," I cried, "and we cannot locate the sound." Hastily I discharged my rifle in the hope that Mac's sharp ears would catch the first decisive, penetrating report of the exploding cordite, before the mountain drowned it in reverberating echoes. But it was in vain; rarely indeed can sound be located in such circumstances. The sharp crack of a rifle is eclipsed by the rolling echoes that follow, and the point of discharge can at best be but a dangerous guess. From our present altitude we could trace the flat expressionless desert fading away in the distance. We had rounded a bluff in our ascent, and so were debarred a view of our camp; and this fact would seriously confuse the wanderers. We heard no more shots and concluded that the bungarrow-hunters had realized the hopelessness of signalling in such a manner.

"I guess," said Phil, "we'll move upwards; we may see them from the top." I had not thought of that—as I have said, prolonged incarceration amid the

sand-plains does not sharpen the intellectual faculties. "Mac and Stewart have probably sufficient sense to do likewise," I answered, much relieved, and we renewed our march. A little later it was borne upon us abruptly that the water-bag as well as Stewart had disappeared. We had both acquired thirsts of elaborate proportions, and we cursed Stewart and his crocodile heartily.

The sharp edges of the ironstone rubble cut deeply into our much-worn boots, and lacerated our feet. I had not reckoned on this; and when we emerged into the open and clambered over the bare rocks that were as hot as Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, I determined in future to strictly forbid mountain-exploration in West Australia.

After another hour of acute effort we drew ourselves painfully to the top of the dome-like culmination, and looked on the other side. A wilderness of dwarfed Eucalypti met our gaze, stretching far into the flats below; the mountain fell away in a gentle slope—so different from the heights we had scaled—and merged into the plains many miles beyond. Numerous gullies, once cleft by rushing torrents, marked the trend of the land; and where these ancient river-channels united, a clump of limetrees flourished, denoting clearly a waterbearing area of generous kind.

As we looked, several thin wisps of smoke appeared, curling lazily up into the sky. The fires had evidently just been lighted.

"Natives," said Phil, laconically; and indeed there was little occasion to doubt the unmistakable evidences of the Aborigine.

"I hope they are not numerous," I said anxiously, knowing from experience that a few natives are always easily handled, whereas a tribe are almost invariably aggressively disposed to the stranger. We withdrew our-

selves quickly from our lofty perch, and a strange sight we must have looked to those poor nomads, as we stood outlined against the clear blue sky.

About fifty feet at the right side of the dome, towards the saddle-back ridge, Phil noticed a peculiar break in the iron crust, and he picked his steps cautiously forward to obtain a few samples from the rock. Our enthusiasm had cooled considerably. The mountain certainly afforded indications that in other circumstances would have at once commanded our closest attention. But now I scanned the hillside anxiously for trace of my lost comrades, and revolved in my mind the awkward probability of our horses and camels being stolen by the natives in our absence.

Phil reached the outcrop, and after giving a few preliminary taps on the surface, I was surprised to see him disappear beneath two great over-hanging ledges. They evidently formed a kind of cave, and once inside, Phil's mallet resounded vigorously. Suddenly I heard him give a yell of delight, but at the same time my ears caught the dim echoes of Mac's gun. I looked all round; nothing was in sight on our side of the mountain, the camp being still hidden by a tantalizing bluff. I scrambled up the dome's smooth surface, and looked on the northward slope. Instinctively my eyes sought the native camp sheltered among the limes. A heavy pall hung above the trees, the result of the numerous fires now alight. I could distinguish the dancing flames, and here and there a black form showed clearly against them, but nothing further appeared to disturb the peace of the landscape.

I turned away, feeling somewhat disconcerted at the prolonged absence of my sturdy henchmen. Never before had they been left entirely to their own resources, and though they were both

well-proved bushmen, I could not but feel anxious for their welfare.

Before I could descend from my perch, Phil clambered up beside me. In his hand he carried a ragged piece of rusty ironstone quartz. "What do you think that is?" he enquired with elation.

"Rather barren-looking stuff," I replied, turning it over carelessly. Then I noticed a seam of sparkling yellow; eagerly I held the specimen to the light, and examined it closely; the vein was clear and distinct; it was assuredly gold. I tried the knife-test, and was convinced; the yellow metal was soft and ductile.

"Well, it's not pyrites this time?" spoke Phil triumphantly.

"No," I replied; "you've got the genuine article now and no mistake. It should be worth more than the rubles."

Another loud report boomed up towards us, and Phil's sharp eyes at once detected the smoke of the discharge. "Why, they are on the wrong side of the mountain!" he cried. The puff of smoke yet lingered over the tops of the mallee scrub about half a mile beneath us, and soon I could descry the waving branches that betokened the approach of the wanderers. We watched closely. Sometimes Stewart's helmet would show through the sparse brush, only to disappear again as the vegetation became more dense. What they were doing on that side of the hill, I could not imagine. They seemed to be making rapid progress, but strangely enough were rounding the base of the summit. Evidently they had not noticed us.

At length they came to a clear patch of rocky ground, and we saw to our astonishment that they were running.

"What on earth is the matter with them?" cried Phil in wonderment, his newly discovered gold-mine being for the time completely forgotten. I un-

slung my rifle, and sent three dum-dums crashing into space. The runners came to a halt, and looked all round. Then they must have seen us—and at our lofty eminence we could hardly have escaped notice, had they looked up earlier; their course veered, and without stopping a moment they charged wildly towards us.

And now a startling sight appeared that elicited a yell of horror from Phil, and caused me again to hurriedly unstrap my rifle. Less than two hundred yards behind our companions, about a score of stalwart natives came bursting through the bush in hot pursuit. We had not noticed them before because of their similarity in color to the scraggy brushwood; but as they bounded into the open, their black bodies showed up clearly against the dull brown ironstone rock. That they were on the track of Mac and Stewart, and with hostile intent, was obvious. Some had spears, but the majority of the warriors carried only their waddies or clubs; they were rapidly gaining on the fugitives, and those with spears were even preparing to discharge them. Mac was laboring heavily under his coil of rope, and his gun was clutched to his side. Stewart still gripped his water-bag, and sped along behind his more portly fellow-fugitive. There was no time for consideration. Hastily I slid the sighting-bar of my rifle to six hundred yards, and peering along the barrel, fired, so as to strike the ground in front of the oncoming horde. A cloud of sand flew up from the decayed rock, a few yards ahead of the foremost native, showing where the ball had struck, but though the pursuers seemed bewildered, they continued their rush. Again I fired, again and again, until the air rent and quivered with the mighty echoes that thundered out. The fugitives were within three hundred yards of us, and a faint cheer floated up the hill show-

ing how truly they appreciated my diversion.

"Drop the coil, Mac!" shouted Phil. "Leave the water-bag, Stewart!" His instructions, however, were not heard or wilfully disobeyed, but the ardor of the pursuit was cooled; the warriors hesitated when two of their number dropped, struck by a ricochet bullet. They had seen no spear or boomerang hurtling through the air, and could not understand such tactics. Another fusillade completed their demoralization, and they turned and fled, dragging their wounded brethren after them by the hair of the head.

A few minutes later, Mac struggled up the rocky elevation on which we stood, and Stewart followed close after.

"A've never run like that frae any man," spluttered Mac, as he crawled towards us on hands and knees; and his compatriot behind gave a deep grunt of sympathy. "If the black deevils wad only fight fair," continued Mac indignantly, as he rose to his feet, "we wad hae had a tussle for it."

"Nae mair spikes in the back fur me," groaned Stewart, breathing heavily as he swarmed up the rock.

Then before I could question them in any way, they stood together, and glaring towards their late pursuers, hurled out imprecations strange and sulphurous.

Meanwhile Phil silently picked up the water-bag which Stewart had deposited, and inverting it over his head gulped down great mouthfuls of the contents. He suddenly checked himself, however, and throwing down the bag, gasped and choked, and finally spat out several small stones. I looked at him in amazement, but Stewart, who had heard the gurgling sound, astonished me more; checking his flow of expletives, and with a look of horror on his face, he seized the water-bag. "Ye've swallowed ma rubles," he

howled, and Mac who had discharged his final imprecation at the enemy, turned abruptly, and lifted up his voice in a wail of sympathy, "the rubies an' ma puir wee iguana," he said sorrowfully. Phil had now recovered himself, and picking up the small stones, he handed them to Stewart without comment. Explanations followed, and the experiences of the adventuresome pair were detailed with telling force.

"We lost the bungarrow," began Mac; "it ran in between twa rocks, an' only left its tail sticking oot, an' we pu'd an' pu'd at that, but he was ow'r muckle for us"—here he paused to sigh regretfully, then continued his narrative.

It appeared that when they had realized themselves bushed, they kept moving along the belt of scrub in the hope to come upon us, and unknowingly had travelled right round the mountain. They had found the rubies in one of the dry gullies that ran towards the native camp, and in their zeal to obtain a good collection had followed the old channel's course in the direction of the lime-trees, into the midst of the Blacks' domain. The result was as we had witnessed.

"We pit the rubies in the bag," said Stewart, "for we had nae other place tae carry them."

"I can understand why you held on to the bag," Phil said; "but Mac's reason for treasuring the heavy rope is beyond me."

"We hiv'na another rope in camp," said Mac shortly, which showed that that worthy gentleman had considered the future even while he fled before the bloodthirsty natives.

Without further delay we began the descent, Phil having tapped off a number of specimens from his discovery which Mac and Stewart eagerly carried. "What wi' gold an' rubies an'—an' niggers," said the latter, "we should surely be content noo."

Carefully we slid down the rocky surfaces, and gingerly we trod over the glass-edged rubble. Then we entered the shadeless forest where the bungarrow-hunters had begun their eventful day's experiences, and with hurried steps steered towards the bluff that divided us from our camp.

I was not altogether unprepared for further trouble, and thus when we reached the headland, I viewed almost with indifference the extraordinary appearance of the ground we had vacated but a few hours previously. Around each cauldron several natives were disporting themselves, while our tent was surrounded by many inquisitive gins (women), who each in turn took a hasty peep within. I looked abroad, and far in the distance could see our beasts of burden manœuvring about in the vain effort to obtain some edible substance from the barren sands; and I heaved a sigh of relief when I saw there were no Blacks in their vicinity.

"What are we going to do now?" spoke Phil, after a considerable silence.

"A dinna ken what *you're* gaun tae dae," grimly said Mac, cocking his gun, "but I'm fur nae mair rinnin' awa'."

"There is little need for you to worry, Mac," I answered; "I don't think there is any fight in them." It suddenly dawned upon me that the cauldrons might be the supposed dwellings of the natives' gods, Bilya-Backan or Plama. In that case nothing was more likely than that the Blacks should hold their fantastic ceremonials here; and the fact that the tent was unmolested gave credence to my surmise.

Without further hesitation we advanced beyond the bluff and strode slowly down the hillside. I had no intention, however, of approaching within spear's throw of the warriors should they be disposed to await our arrival, as such a course would have been flatly suicidal; but, as I antici-

pated, there was little cause to be alarmed.

Immediately the women saw us they gave vent to their terror in shrill cries; the men glanced up from their orgies, then broke into confusion and fled precipitately, followed by their noisy consorts.

"It's your turn noo, ye deevils," belowered Mac triumphantly after them.

My little tale is at an end. It is one of the least dreary episodes of my West Australian experiences; and though the

Macmillan's Magazine.

rubies were, after all, only garnets, and the gold-bearing rock of too refractory nature to be of any commercial value, even if transport could have been arranged, still our mountain-exploration had proved a genuine diversion. It had broken the dreary routine of our journeyings, and uplifted our thoughts from the endless wastes.

We renewed our march next morning, heading due north, but it was eight months later when we reached the coast beyond the Leopold Mountains.

Alexander Macdonald.

LADY SARAH.*

No one, I suppose, of all those whose fancies have lived pleasantly in the world of Selwyn, and Horace Walpole and Charles Fox, but has longed to see more of Lady Sarah Lennox. Glimpses we had of her radiant and beautiful youth, when George the Third wanted to marry her, when she married Sir Charles Bunbury and drove Lord Carlisle to despair, and eloped, alas! with Lord William Gordon. We had observed a rare touch of fervor in Horace Walpole, when he described her at the Coronation and in the theatricals at Holland House; we had a charming letter she wrote to George Selwyn; and Sir Joshua has left us the picture of a beauty which no changing fashion can deny. But there is more than this to engage our attention. Wise historians are never uninterested in the mothers of great men, and this beautiful giddy girl, who dazzled the world in London and at Newmarket, and lost it for love, lived to rear and give her country the most famous fight-

ing family in its history. To run away at twenty-five, and to die at eighty revered and adored by her sons, the Napiers—that was her lot, and it is matter for your hasty moralist to perpend. To know more of such a life must have been an ardent desire with a host of worthy readers. And all the while the letters she wrote to her most intimate friend, letters covering nearly all the years of her long life, were in the possession of Lord Ilchester's family! It is a striking reminder of a fact I have before now rejoiced at and bewailed—that thousands of profoundly interesting letters must lie unknown (at least to the world) in the libraries and lumber-rooms of old houses. Well, we have Lady Sarah's at last, piously exposed as they were written, and carefully annotated by the present Lady Ilchester and her son, Lord Stavordale, and I for one am most deeply obliged.

Not that the letters are very brilliant or witty, or that they clear up mysteries, or throw strong fresh lights on

* The Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox, 1745-1826, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond and successively the wife of Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bart., and of the Hon. George Napier; also

a short political sketch of the years 1760 to 1763 by Henry Fox, first Lord Holland. Edited by the Countess of Ilchester and Lord Stavordale. London: John Murray.

persons and events. The earlier are intelligently lively and humorous, and the later full of strong sense and wide benevolence—more than enough so to furnish yet another refutation of the preposterous pretence of those vociferous modern ladies who will have it that capable and broad-minded women began with themselves. The writing is often curiously interesting for its own sake, and there is much to delight an interest in the persons and society of the time. But the first and chief value of the letters is that they give us an intimate knowledge of an attractive and instructive character, of an instructive and romantic history. Even readers who care nothing for the world I have spoken of may safely be recommended to these volumes if they care either for human character or for a significant story; they will find, I assure them, better entertainment here than in most of the silly romances they read in their thousands.

The letters begin with matters most interesting to us in Lord Holland's memoir, printed now for the first time—the love of George the Third. Lady Sarah, whose parents died in her infancy, lived much with her elder sister Caroline, the lady who had eloped, very sensibly as it turned out, with Mr. Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, and so lived Lady Susan Fox Strangeways, daughter of the first Lord Ilchester, the elder son of old Stephen Fox. It was a gay and affectionate family party at Holland House in those days, but no doubt the atmosphere was of the world worldly. It is no wonder that the passion visible in the young king enraptured Henry Fox and his wife, or that Lady Sarah, simple hearty girl of sixteen as she was, with most of her affections fixed on animals, was ready to be tutored how to be a Queen. There was never the least idea of anything left-handed, and the marriage of a king to the daughter of an English duke

was by no means so much out of the way then as it would be thought now. Furious resentment would have been aroused in envious quarters, but there was no impossibility about the matter. Henry Fox, a shrewd and experienced man of affairs, evidently thought the chance a fair one. So Lady Sarah was coached how to behave towards her royal suitor—if such he should veritably be—as she writes to her friend. "I am allowed to mutter a little, provided the words *astonished*, *surprised*, *understand* and *meaning* are heard. I am working myself up to consider what depends upon it, that I may *me fortifier* against it comes—the very thought of it makes me sick in my stomach already." We need not be concerned to rebuke her levity; she was to find out bitterly enough what passion really meant. At this time it was all an affair of a dazzling future and being a great personage, and when George was over-persuaded and gave up this desire of his youth she was more afflicted at the death of her squirrel. Naturally enough, however, she resented the slight and the double-dealing—for George was still throwing out plain hints when his marriage with Charlotte of Mecklenburg must have been arranged—but had the spirit to keep her feelings in the family, consenting to be a bridesmaid to the Queen. Naturally, also, she was inclined to recur to those tinsel possibilities in later life, and thank God—with a little human vanity—that she was not Queen, and at the end, with a gentler feeling, to pity the old man who like herself was blind.

The marriage with Sir Charles Bunbury was, as marriages go in the world, a suitable arrangement, and but for more than usual warmth in her heart and (it seemed) less than usual in his, would have gone well enough. She pleads guilty to "giddiness," but it is clear that they were clearly good

friends—and she most certainly was always loyal in what she wrote of him—until Lady Sarah found in herself capacity for something more. Followed the elopement with Lord William Gordon. It is not, as a rule, profitable to dwell on these cases, but here is an exception. Given the fact of two young people forgetting duty and experience in their passion—a fact about which an ethical disquisition would be out of place—what followed showed an admirable sense of conduct in every one concerned. One may almost say—if one may say it without offence—that it was a triumph of good sense and good breeding over unhappy circumstance. Lady Sarah set an example which, *mutatis mutandis*, might well be noted by the creators of unhappy heroines in our modern fiction, to say nothing of real life. Recovering herself after a brief time, she went to her brother's house and lived there, with other members of her family, or in the house he built for her in his park at Goodwood, for eleven years, in unaffected but strict retirement, bringing up her daughter, and otherwise interested in family affairs. Her husband, Sir Charles, had notoriously neglected her, and it is alleged that in a general way he had been a most unsatisfactory husband. But she herself never made the least attempt to excuse her conduct by any fault of his. She simply admitted that she had done him a great wrong, and was sincerely grateful for the kindness he and his family showed her child. Towards the world she maintained the same attitude of dignity and sense. It did not occur to her to rail at its "injustice;" she recognized that she had broken its laws, and by those laws was in a sense beyond its pale. Consequently when ladies of her own class sought her society, she recognized frankly that they were doing her a favor, and since that was the case avoided those from whom a favor

would be distasteful. So, too, she made up her mind that her daughter should be introduced into the world by another than herself. I daresay there are readers who will see in all this a humility abhorrent to their ideas of social freedom, but to my mind it is the right sort of pride. Lady Sarah knew perfectly well that she was not a tenth part as guilty as many women received everywhere, but she made no fuss on that account; she had known the way of the world and the consequences of her act, and she accepted them. Sir Charles, again, showed a magnanimity which those who reverence him as a father of the turf must be pleased to observe. Marriage had not suited him, and he preferred a bachelor's life. He showed no animosity against his wife, and had the good sense not to call Lord William out. He divorced her in natural course. But he more than once went to see her afterwards in friendship—it was even rumored (but Lady Sarah contradicts it) that he wished to remarry her. Her account of one such interview does, I think, some credit to both. "He said he saw no sort of reason why he might not see me just when he pleased, nor why he was to put me out of countenance. I could not *argue* that point with him, but I told him how glad I was that he could see me with such good humor, to which he answered, 'Why should not I? You know I'm not apt to bear malice!' This set me into such a fit of crying again. . . ." Her brother, too, the Duke of Richmond, and most of her family did what was right, neither shunning her nor insisting on the world receiving her, but simply taking her back into their midst. Surely, as I said, even this part of the book is one to read with profit.

The letters are broken off for seven years after the elopement so far as we are concerned; whether they were lost

or destroyed by Lady Susan appeareth not. We miss what light they would have thrown on her character in the most critical time, and we miss what she wrote of seven years socially interesting. When the letters recommence we find much of the old vivacity gone, and in its stead the sharp wisdom which comes of looking life in the face. With her marriage, four years later, to Captain Napier, began a new life for her, a life full of material anxieties, and even, her nurture considered, of hardships, but sustained with mutual trust and devotion. It was a marriage entered into deliberately, and after listening to all dissuasions, by two people who knew the world very well and were sure of themselves. It seems to have been one of unchecked happiness, so far as husband and wife were concerned, until his death in 1804. For us it is enough to judge of its wisdom by its fruits. She was, indeed, "a mother of men." For twenty-two years after her husband's death she lived for these sons and her daughters, who, all but one, died young—that one, Emily, oddly enough, married a nephew of Sir Charles Bunbury—wisely and carefully educating them, indefatigably helping their careers, anxiously following their fortunes. But she was not exclusively absorbed in them. It was a personal age, and we need not desiccate in her great zeal for great principles; but through her connection with and keen affection for all the Lennoxes and Foxes and FitzGeralds—Lord Edward was her nephew—she had incitement enough for her sensible mind to play round politics and society, and not even the blindness of her later years made her a negligible friend and adviser. A brave and truthful and loving soul, if ever there was one, this old lady, in whose youth had been such splendor and shame.

So much for a rough hint of Lady Sarah's own history and character. I

come to what she says of famous people, and to some slight reflections she suggests about her world. An examination of her language, showing minutely the differences between a hundred years ago and now in the conversational style of the English "upper classes," would amuse the present writer vastly, but I fear would bore my readers. Surely, though, they are interested in the history of slang? A word I have just used reminds me that Lady Sarah saw its useful birth, and has what should really be a *locus classicus* upon the fashionable slang of the period. "I told you," she writes in 1766, "the word 'boar' is a fashionable expression for tiresome people and conversations, & is a very good one & very useful, for one may tell anybody (Ld. G. Cavendish for example), 'I am sure this will be a boar, so I must leave you, Ld. George.' If it was not the fashion it would be very rude, but I own I encourage the fashion vastly, for it's delightful, I think; one need only name a pig or pork, & nobody dares take it ill, but hold their tongues directly." Spelling was rather muddled in those days, but whatever the etymology of the word it is odd it should have lost its porcine connotation. She goes on: "To 'grub up such a one' is also a new expression, which cannot be better illustrated to you than by supposing that you were talking to Mr. Robinson, who diverted you very much, in comes the D. of York or Gloucester, & by sitting down by you 'grubbs up' poor Mr. Robinson, perhaps for the whole evening. The Dukes," she adds unkindly, "will either of them serve for an example of a boar too." "Lending a tascusa," it appears, was a phrase (quite meaningless) for to snub. Grammar took its chance then as now: "those sort" is regularly written by Lady Sarah. In the early high-spirited letters, "oh Lords!" dot the pages, and "who the d—I," etc., denote a

freer style than the "middle-Victorian" young lady's—a freer style, to which, it is alleged, this generation has returned. "Did you ever hear of such a toad as 'tis?" she asks, referring, by the way, to the Princess Augusta, sister of George III. Royalty was generally held in less awe then than it is now; but Lady Sarah, in addition to her private reason for dislike, was of course in the very thick of the Whig society, which made a point of despising the king and all his family. So when the Duke of Gloucester, the king's brother, fell in love with Lady Waldegrave, whom he married, although she was only Sir Edward Walpole's illegitimate daughter, Lady Sarah considered the match a poor one for her. "What's more extraordinary is that she *appears* to be in love with him. I don't think it possible to be so really, & he is not of consequence or rich enough to make it worth her while to feign it, I should think." It is amusing to find that she had the same experience of a royal nurse in regard to the future George IV as the Duke of Wellington had in regard to Edward VII. "I went to see the little animal & I kissed it, for 'tis a beautiful strong, handsome child, & my sister said it was wrong to kiss it, & the nurse reprimanded me for calling it child & said 'twas a fine young *prince*." This baby, when he grew up, was to receive her praises as those of other expectant Whigs. He did her as Regent a kindly favor for one of her soldier sons, and did it with the gracefulness his worst enemies allowed him.

But more interesting than any royalty is the authentic likeness of Charles Fox, which smiles more than once in her letters. He was four years her junior, and, of course, as a girl, she looked on him with a protecting eye, and watched his growth into a brilliant youth with affectionate approval. He charmed her as he charmed every one

else, and she never mentions a fault in him without at once recurring to his merits. That Charles neglected his affectionate relations—I speak now of his manhood--who naturally forgot that statesmanship and gambling take up a man's time, seems to have been a commonplace in his family. "Can one expect any mortal to excuse his intolerable negligence? I don't love him a bit the less for it, because I know it's *the nature of the beast*, as my poor sister used to say, & I know him to be as capable of friendship & to have as good a heart as it's possible." Even when Charles, in his ministerial days, failed to get Captain Napier a berth, Lady Sarah always found excuses for him. (It is odd that in an age of jobs Captain Napier, whose character and services really deserved promotion, for all his wife's powerful relations, was always passed over.) We have a sight of Charles frolicking with Mrs. Robinson—the Regent's famous Perdita—electioneering at Westminster and fighting his duel with Mr. Adam. So far from his seeking greatness, said Lady Sarah, "greatness pursues him into gaming-houses." But we have also a sight of Charles in his latter days, the devoted husband; and his last illness, when "the privy council of his heart are Ld. Holland"—his nephew, the host of Holland House in its greatest days—"& Mrs. Fox; with them he indulges I hear in low or high spirits as he feels, sometimes crying, always tender & grateful to them for loving him so much, & never quite comfortable if they are not within call." Of other famous people, there is mention of the Duchess of Devonshire, over whose dissipations Lady Sarah (aged 32) moralizes sadly, lamenting how that she "dines at 7, summer as well as winter, goes to bed at 3, & lies in bed till 4; she has hysteric fits in a morning, & dances in the evening," and so on.

George Selwyn and his Mimi are mentioned at the happy moment when the child was given up to him, and Lady Sarah, like all who wrote letters at the time, shuddered at the murder of Miss Reay by Parson Hackman. But of the passion Lord Carlisle made such a coil of in his letters to Selwyn we hear nothing, and of him merely that his manners were charming, but the Lady Sarah "can't help looking upon him as a school boy for the life of me." I was sure he was a dull young man.

Lady Sarah's political views were those of her Whig relations, as I have said. But her own good sense tempered them now and then. She thought with her friends that George III was utterly wrong in the American war, but she also thought the American colonists were to blame as well. We, even those of us who are Tories, ought to remember that to most Englishmen of that date—which was half as near again as ours to the beginning of English settlements in America—this war was a domestic business in which it was quite fair to take, in theory, the side that pleased you, and that to many the Americans had seemed overwhelmingly in the right. It was the verdict, too, of capable Englishmen who served there, that the English Government could never hold the country against the Americans' will. Thus Harry Fox, returning in April, 1779, "laughed at the folly of supposing it." But my point is that the affair was a domestic one, not in a true sense a foreign war; a certain comparison which has been made will not hold for a moment. Lady Sarah, if she used her own good sense, used also her own dear feminine non-sense, and "I hate the King should conquer too, because he sits there at his ease at Windsor, and fancies he has nothing to do but to *order* to conquer such a place as America." It was also her opinion that "he uses poor dear Ireland so ill already that he

don't deserve to keep it." That was in 1775. Between '85 and the terrible '98 she lived in Ireland, and was constantly bitter in her invective against the Government, charging it roundly in '97 with deliberately bringing on civil war to pave the way to the Union. Exaggeration of party feeling there is again, no doubt, but the evidence she gives of Government muddling and provocation is dismal reading. She was heart and soul with the oppressed Catholics, and had an intense admiration for Edward Fitzgerald: "He lived and died the most benevolent of mankind," she writes. There is also an interesting word of Pamela in '93: "I never saw such a sweet, little, engaging, bewitching creature as Ly. Edward is, & childish to a degree, with the greatest sense. The upper part of her face is like poor Mrs. Sheridan. . . . I am *sure* she is not *vile Egalite's* child; it's impossible."

In the early letters there is much of the theatre and acting, as we should expect; it was almost a mania with English society at the time. A curious point in social history arises in regard to Mr. O'Brien, who ran away with Lady Susan Fox Strangways. He was apparently an actor by profession, and yet he seems to have met and played with the amateurs at Holland House on equal terms; it seems odd for the period, for of course he had not, like Garrick, for example, the prestige of success—which in all periods has appealed to English society. I forget, by the way, if it was this elopement that suggested to Thackeray his Lady Maria and O'Hagan, but in this case also the loving relations followed the beautiful instinct of human nature, and packed the wayward couple off to America. It is pleasant, though, to read that old Lord Holland, remembering, perchance, his own marriage, allowed his niece, Lady Susan, £400 a year when her father would give her nothing. Lady Susan was a woman of

sense and spirit, refused, in the long run, to stay in America, and managed to lead a perfectly happy life with O'Brien, who turned out an excellent man, at home. Her sisters, one gathers from the letters, showed a certain snobishness over the matter, which, again, is odd for a time of really powerful aristocracy, refusing to be seen with her in public and so forth; the fact that the Foxes, after all, were only in their third generation may have had something to do with that. The student of feminine methods will find refreshment in this part of the correspondence. And the student—I trust I am not alone—of even smaller things will find information to his heart about the influenza, dress, dinner hours and habits of all sorts.

The first Lord Holland's memoir is now published for the first time, although both his grandson and the late Lord Holland had it in mind. We learn from it the detailed account of George III's almost definite proposal of marriage to Lady Sarah, an account confirmed in a memoir by her son, Henry Napier, gathered from talk with her and written nearly seventy years afterwards. Confirmed substantially, that is to say, for I think that in Mr. Napier's account we find a bolder and more forward manner on her part, which does not correspond with her letters either, and is probably the exaggeration of old age. Apart from this, Lord Holland's memoir is interesting for a minute account of the beginning of George III's reign, and for a frank

statement of the origin of his riches. That was known before, but it is agreeable to find Lord Holland indignantly explaining that all he did was to speculate in the Funds with the country's money lying in his hands as paymaster, and that in doing so, he used (of course) the judgment of a man of sense only as to likely events. The second volume contains several interesting documents from the Holland House MSS. and elsewhere, the most interesting being an extract from Mrs. Charles Fox's journal recording the last days and death of her husband. It has not, I think, been quoted—certainly not published before. Few such accounts have been more touching than this of Charles Fox; his follies and ambition put by, his great brain at rest, and only his great affectionate heart left at the last. There are also two short papers by Lady Susan O'Brien, recording the changes she had seen in her length of days; she survived Lady Sarah Napier. They are brightly written, and make the time-honored complaints of age, how that unmarried girls had more liberty, and so on; and they remark, with a touch of sarcasm, the "refinements" in language. But—and here I end on the note I began with—Lady Susan O'Brien kept a journal. She was a clever and observant woman, knew the best of England, and lived in New York before the war of Independence; surely Lady Ilchester and her co-editor, who so clearly love those things, will give us this journal also.

G. S. Street.

THE OLD AND THE NEW PRODIGAL.

To be a prodigal and do credit to the part, money is not the only thing needed. Imagination, to picture objects of expenditure, is also required. That is the difference between the prodigal and what the North country calls "wasters." The latter muddle their cash away; the former throws his away in handfuls. It was said of a Devonshire squireen by his keeper, that "poor Mr. W. lost most of his money racing woodlice." That shows the poor quality of his imagination, and how unfitted he was to be a striking example of extravagance.

The old-fashioned prodigal was always a young man, and there is no reason to doubt that he flourished in this country even more than elsewhere till comparatively recent date. There is a charming series of plates, of rather late Georgian date, in which his adventures are shown in great detail. The scenes in which, still clad in his white breeches and silk stockings, but without a coat or wig, he is pouring out swill for the pigs, and later, when forgiven, is being entertained at dinner, himself, his father and brother all in wigs, with expressions of pious thankfulness at having got to the end of what was apparently a painful but necessary incident in the family life of persons of quality, shows that his appearance was looked on as one of the regular social manifestations of the age.

The present hour is marked by such a remarkable scarcity of this kind of prodigal that when one does appear there is almost as much fuss made over him as if he were a lost species. Quite recently when a more or less gilded youth lost, at a smart young men's club, a trifle of 10,000*l.* (which his father promptly refused to pay for

him), it created quite a mild excitement. In the same society, about the "Rodney Stone" era, he would have been thought rather a fortunate if not a poor-spirited youth if he had not done something of the kind.

The greatest, most notable and never-sufficiently-to-be-thankful-for cause of this scarcity of the prodigal is that serious gambling is no longer the regular and fashionable amusement of the men of the great world in England, and therefore imitated by the younger aspirants. For this we have to thank, in the first place, our present King; and in the next, some general change of taste. Nothing will stand steady and high gambling. No fortune will meet it, and the money won, for some must be won, never seems traceable. Yet when it is the fashion it is almost irresistible from its easiness, and it is never considered disreputable. Only sixty years ago a steady West-country banker, a bachelor of good family and fortune who bought an estate, and retired with a cash balance in addition of 70,000*l.*, concluded that as he had never had any amusement, he might as well spend some of this in the *only* amusement of men of fortune; came to town for the season for three years, played steadily till he had lost 40,000*l.*, and then went home to his estate, apparently not dissatisfied.

There are other and very satisfactory reasons for, we will not say the reform of the old-fashioned or butterfly prodigal, but for the rareness with which he develops into the perfect insect. It is not to be supposed that the English world is growing perfect, but the upper classes are certainly more sensible, and become more sensible early. Some 15,000 of its sons go to the public

schools, where, if they do not learn much else, they do at least learn that debt and extravagance are thought bad form, and that a great deal of enjoyment and the society of their own class can be had on frugal terms. The levelling up and down of the sons of those with the largest incomes and with very modest ones also discourages the youthful prodigal early. The young Englishman who is rich generally spends freely. But he has an increasing desire to see that he gets value for his money. He is often rather too obviously keen on this. But whatever he spends on himself on these lines makes him no company for the prodigal, whose object in life is either to spend without getting value for his money, or to spend on things which he cannot afford. The modern rich young man, who is going to be richer, is also commonly desirous of adding to his income by going into the "business" or entering a profession or political life. "Eldest sons," in the old sense of the men who began a life of absolute leisure at twenty-one and merely waited till their inheritance came to them, are rarer every year. Nearly every one either has an occupation, or runs some interest so hard that it becomes a business. The result is that with all the best of the young rich engaged in reasonable if expensive amusement, the prodigal gets very little encouragement, and almost no companions if he is of good class. It is twenty to one that when he is found he is either a rank outsider, who has been floated up into a position to command large sums by accident, and has quite lost his head, or is a young man born to hold a great position, for which there are not proper funds forthcoming. The temptation to a young nobleman to live up to a position which ought to have thirty thousand a year attached to it, but unfortunately has only three, in the hope that something will turn up, does

every now and then account for perhaps one or two smashes. But we never see anything like the wild career of the young Frenchman or Russian, who means to dazzle the world for a few seasons. It is no longer considered good form to pretend to be indifferent to expenditure. Some people even make an affectation of the opposite.

The late "Jubilee Plunger" was an instance to hand of the outsider, half educated, and with none of the checks which the normal young Englishman's life is surrounded with, "chucking" money in every way; a real genuine specimen of the young and original prodigal. He was left 250,000*l.*, made by a relative, and this large sum he squandered, no one could quite tell how, in a very few years. He lived a rackets, expensive life, but the inquiries into his affairs did not divulge any striking or gorgeous ideas at all. What impressed the public most was that he had a new shirt every day, and never wore it again. He might have had three new shirts daily without touching the margin of his 250,000*l.* But his recklessness gained him one friend, and the friend gave an unsolicited testimonial. In the course of a legal inquiry the late lamented Marquis of Ailesbury appeared in the witness-box to give his views on Mr. Benson. He admitted cheerfully that certain incidents quoted by other people were true to the best of his knowledge, but before stepping from the box he added approvingly, "But he was a real Jubilee Juggins for all that." He had, his lordship considered, lived up to his reputation.

There are people still left in London who keep the cash consciences of clients—a few solicitors in spite of recent scandals—*quis custodiet custodes?* and a good many bankers, who say that though the "old" prodigal, who was generally single and *young* is becoming

extinct and gives them no trouble, the new prodigal, who is generally middle-aged and married, causes them acute and constant misery. The New Prodigal is a product of quite recent years. As a social type he is respectable and important; and for a time he makes an imposing figure in the eyes of the world generally. He shines steadily as a star of some magnitude in the social firmament, possibly until he dies, when the cruise is found to be all but empty, and his belongings disappear into the dim obscure. More often the sources of supply are dried up before the end. Then there is in the case of one of the landed magnates an arrangement, and in that of business men a bankruptcy on an appalling scale, with liabilities of the most unpleasant nature. The career of the modern married and middle-aged prodigal, looked at from the inside, or M.M.M.P.'s own point of view, may be accounted for in this way. Rich people now remain very young. Their physique is kept up by exercise and a moderate amount of work. Consequently, after having enjoyed their youth and married early, they have a great surplus for physical energy and a large appreciation of the good things which money can give all round, if judiciously laid out, when you are at any age from thirty-five to seventy or more.

Matthew Arnold, writing of the young aristocrats of his day, pointed out that to the moneyed business-class they represented a kind of educational value. "They teach your Philistines to live fast." The very rich men of the greatest position, some seven or eight hundred, perhaps, in this most respectable reign and in the most respectable way, are quietly teaching the less wealthy of their own class, and of those in touch with it, to live *not* fast, because the very teachers number some of the worthiest, most charming, and most eminently reputable people in

Europe, but how to live beyond their means. With incomes ranging from 30,000*l.* to 100,000*l.* a year, constantly floated up by the natural rise in values of real property, they have shown their friends and acquaintances what the world can be made to yield to men in the prime of life, with a great income and a taste for spending it. While they are, without risk or trouble, and with every right to do so, getting the very most out of the best and easiest life in the world, and entertaining their friends on this scale, they are quietly educating the modern prodigal. Want of imagination, which often keeps expenditure within bounds, no longer acts as a negative safeguard to the latter. The practical working and results of every kind of expenditure are shown in these households, in the concrete, for imitation. So complete is their appointment, that, if you table the whole possible list of enjoyments and "departments," there is not one which is not done as well as ever any one could desire, and generally one or more pictures, horses, gardens, shootings or entertainments in which they go one better than most people even of their own class. Moreover, it is all paid for, all perfectly delightful and generous, often accompanied by splendid munificence to charitable objects, and just what every one in this world would like *if he could afford it.*

The usual beginnings of the New Prodigal are that he either is "in" this kind of life when young, and before he inherits his property, or that he lives on some border-land where he at any rate learns what it yields in satisfaction. When he does come into his estate—supposing him to be the heir to both land and money—he tries how far he can realize some part of these possibilities. Though not young, he is practically a beginner, and thinks that the difference between the 2,000*l.* a year he had before and the 10,000*l.* a

year which he has now to spend will "go round" and keep things up generally on the new scale in the new great house. In the interim, before he discovers what the non-productive necessary expenditure is, or what margin will be left "before his horses begin to eat," he has committed himself, his wife and his children to what is practically an adventure. If horses, sport and all the rest cannot be had on the income of land *plus* inherited cash, the latter is either "melted" gradually until not one penny is left, when the stoppage comes, or sometimes the cash is reinvested at high rates of interest. If this is not enough, or there is a loss of capital in risky investments, the middle-aged New Prodigal, who quite knows what he is about, speculates with the remainder. This, briefly and plainly, is the history of the most of the unfortunate and sometimes discreditable collapses with which names of standing and consideration are occasionally associated. These have been people whose position gave them all that men of sense and honor could wish. They have done all that they did with their eyes open, and it may frankly be said that as compared with the young prodigal they show up very badly. The latter usually only injured himself, and had no dependents. He might bring down his father's gray hairs with sorrow, but the law did not let him pledge his father's credit. The modern prodigal ruins his wife, his children, his sisters, his friends, yet we seldom see him uncomfortable himself, unless he happens to be quite an outsider. The embezzling trustees and solicitors who have figured recently in such numbers in the police courts have told different stories. But it will be found that in most cases, for professional men, their scale of normal expenditure was extravagant, and that the beginning of speculation was the endeavor to swell their budget by seek-

ing a high rate of interest. This is a class of prodigal of the very worst type, and an increasing one, if we may judge from this year's record. Professional incomes, except in a very few cases, do not and never will run to the maintenance of a large town house, a large country-house and establishments to match. That is for trade, finance and manufacture. The middle-aged prodigal in the business world usually flourishes on the border-line between the professions and commerce. As he is never found out till he comes to grief, he enjoys the pleasures of extravagance and the reputation of prudence. He has the distinction of adding a new vice to those of the ordinary prodigal, namely, hypocrisy.

Though men are the great offenders, the modern prodigal is sometimes a woman, and occasionally a lady of rank and position. In spite of all the nonsense talked about the extravagance of women, a spendthrift woman is rare in any class, and very rare in the highest. Women are far more careful by nature than men, and much more sensible in seeing that they get value for their money. Defoe's discovery that "the whole sex are, as a body, extravagantly desirous of going to heaven" is, no doubt, a controlling force now as then. But they are such good managers that probably two-thirds of the houses in England are "financed" from year's end to year's end by the wives.

There is also a practical difficulty in the way of the woman spendthrift. She very rarely has money of her own to "chuck." If she is rich, the cash is usually in the hands of trustees. If she is not, but her husband is, then the latter learns about it when he has to pay the bills. The married male prodigal can go on wasting his substance down to the last thousand without his wife or children dreaming there is anything amiss. That is a privilege denied usually to the other sex. But when

they do resolve to take the plunge they "go it" at a pace which the men cannot rival. To quote the words of a legal friend of the writer whose opinion was invited on this delicate subject, "they stick at nothing, and will have everything. Racing, betting, gambling to any amount, jewels, entertainments, and living fast all round account for the expenditure. For most of these activities ready money must be forthcoming. To get it the female prodigal is vastly more ingenious and far less scrupulous than the mere male who spends what he has got. They become experts in the finance of money-raising, working down gradually from the banker to the bill-discounter, then to the money-lender, then perhaps getting men friends to back bills, starting bogus companies, plunging on the Stock Exchange, and occasionally writing other people's names to paper which, no doubt, they feel convinced in their own mind that the other party *ought* to have signed, though unfortunately they did not." The delicate wording of the last sentence does credit to my lawyer friend's powers of expression, and perhaps explains many awkward situations. The natural and almost necessary ally of the lady prodigal is the money-lender, not because she prefers to borrow money at sixty per cent., but because, for the reasons given above, she *must* borrow of some one; and after the legitimate banker has done what he cannot refuse, she goes to the men who lend, not on security, but on the husband's wealth and squeezability. When Sir George Lewis wrote to the "Times" that he knew of a money-lender who had lent a lady a very large sum, in connection with which she had forged another person's name, the world was shocked, not more at the fact of the forgery than at the "revelation" that ladies did business with money-lenders. This was stupid. They are the lady prodigal's natural

allies. They can always be relied on to supply cash; and they make far less trouble about securities when dealing with married women, or those who have fathers living, than when lending to men.

There is another and happily rare class of lady prodigals, who only incur debts at shops, but do this on a scale and with a persistence which men never attain to. Clothes and jewels are the main lines of interest, and the extent to which they "plunge" over and over again is astonishing. The species is becoming extremely rare. But there are a few very bright and typical examples still left, whose names come before the public about every five years in this connection. It would be extremely interesting to know how much they would be satisfied with to meet their ordinary wishes and wants, and if it were possible to do so.

But prudence and principle in these matters are nearly always part of the ladies' inheritance through all classes, and it is rare indeed to find hereditary extravagance among ladies. To quote a Royal example: The young Queen of Holland, a model of all the virtues, at this moment occupies the throne which was destined for a prodigal—her half-brother, the Prince of Orange, who died before she was born. The Prince of Orange was a man of ability and amiability; but he never "got on" with the old King, and lived fast at the Hague with a very fast set of friends, but as a prince. Then he left Holland, dropped his title, and lived as M. Citron in an attic in Paris, and spent the *whole of the money so saved*—a very large sum—in gambling. The Queen, his mother, died; then the Prince of Orange died, and the old King married a young wife, and became the proud father of "Wilhelminje."

If any one doubts that the Continental prodigal survives in all the doubtful splendor of the type, the Cas-

tellani-Gould litigation before the French Courts should prove that it does. Of the capital squandered, though the income was enormous, it is not necessary to speak. There was one item of six figures for *bric-à-brac*, due to a single firm.

A few words on the nature and "causes" of the Continental prodigal may perhaps be forgiven in reference to the "blazing indiscretions" marked in this case where discretion was itself naturally thrown overboard to start with. In England adventurers, if they do happen to marry an heiress, seldom make such a scandal. Generally, in fact, the so-called adventurer who by marriage obtains more or less control of a great fortune becomes a most respectable family man, and takes his wife's position. There may be a few Barry Lyndons left, but they are very seldom heard of, and Barry Lyndon was not an Englishman. But on the Continent, especially where the Code Napoléon prevails, the spendthrift and the hard-up man of pleasure are found broadcast, though of course mainly in those places where the Continental world meets to amuse itself. Parliaments and laws cannot make people moral; but it is a law which has succeeded in making the French upper classes—and we must also add the Dutch—produce a disproportionate number of prodigals.

The Code Napoléon makes it obligatory on a man to divide his property equally among his children. This answers admirably where there is no property to divide, and not badly where there is only a little, for they all get that small start in life which often commands success quickly. But where there is a fairly large fortune, but not a great one, a sum sufficient to leave each child from 1,000*l.* to 1,500*l.* a year, the results are absolutely bad for the sons. The daughters get a much fairer share than English daughters usually

do, but the sons get just enough to be idle on, and not enough to satisfy the ideas and tastes in which they have been brought up. Their fortune would be ample to buy a share in a business, but the chances are that they have no training or inclination that way. So Baron Adolphe or Count Maximilian—they all succeed to the father's title as well as to the share of his money—has to think how he can best "put in his time" on what are to him very insufficient means. Probably the elder brothers solve the problem; but if there is a spoiled boy at the end of the family, or even a very young one, who remains for some time a minor, the chances are that when the cash is handed over he, with no public school and University training in which to learn a little and spend a little, has a glorious fling in the spend-all-your-money-and-nothing-to-show-for-it circles of Paris and the Riviera, and is left at thirty without a farthing. Perhaps before that time he succeeds in making a wealthy marriage. Then he does it all over again on a larger scale. It is "ignorance, pure ignorance." He never sees about him, when younger, other younger sons who are "responsible;" for all his natural companions are looking forward to the same future. In Holland, for example, the really well-born are practically composed of this leisured but not rich class, and have absolutely no social dealings with the burgher type. Their only chance is either to marry into their own circle, or possibly to go out to the Dutch East Indies, where now and again a fortune is made in a mine or plantation. Our great colonies and immense civil service alone save half the possible prodigals here from their fate.

If any further evidence were needed that the Continental nations alone regard prodigals as a necessary product of their social system, we may point to the survival and existence of that cu-

rious and useful institution the "Conseil de Famille." I believe that it is recognized by French law. It is constantly referred to in social matters, but is nearly always confined to the cashiering or restraint of the prodigal. It can practically take his cash from him by an application to the Courts, and assert a right to the control of his household. The first thing that the French Courts required in the Castellani-Gould dispute was that the American side of the family should put themselves in line with Continental feeling by holding an informal "Conseil de Famille," and making the Court their counselor.

Now all this is very odd. The French and Italian gentry, and indeed the bulk
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of the nation, are more economical, more saving, and less given to making a show than we are. Yet we never evolved such an institution as this "Board of Prodigals," which can be called on to sit in any family in France. No one reason can be assigned for the difference; but probably the main factor lies in their law of inheritance. So long as equal division of properties supplies a number of minors, without experience, and with money, coming on at each generation, so long will they continue to "chuck" the money, gaining, let us hope, the experience; and so long will the "Conseil de Famille" survive also.

C. J. Cornish.

HARVEST ON THE PRAIRIE.

It was sunrise when, leading a yoke of sturdy oxen, I left behind the clustered wheat sheaves surrounding Thompson's homestead in Western Canada, but the stars were blinking down on the broad sea of grass when we plodded thick with dust into the rutted streets of a wooden town beside the railroad track. It was autumn, and, as usual at that season on the Assinibolan prairie, the day was fiercely hot, so we rested wherever a willow copse or birch bluff afforded welcome shade, while oxen seldom exceed an average pace of two miles an hour at the best of times. My business was to assist in hauling a separator, or thrashing machine proper, as distinguished from the engine which drives it, back across the prairie to Thompson's farm, and the said separator was not expected until the next day's train. Its owners had, I understood, capsized it with disastrous consequences de-

scending a ravine, and, minus some of its heavier parts, it had been sent to Brandon or Winnipeg for refitting, while, when in our hands, it narrowly escaped meeting the same fate a second time.

One of the owners was already waiting me, and we proceeded to borrow another yoke of oxen, besides two half-tamed broncos, to help us over the ravines, and then waited somewhat impatiently, or at least my comrade did, for the advent of the train. He had fired a saw-mill engine somewhere, and, because the Western Canadian is above all things adaptable, had persuaded a friend who formerly sailed upon a Lake Superior whaleback to join him and another with some experience of the business in running what is termed upon the prairie a thrashing outfit. Now he seemed feverishly eager to get to work, because his whole capital had been embarked in the venture,

and, so he said, another new and high-toned outfit was already coming along. The Thompson brothers afterwards decided it might have been better to have waited for that other outfit; but the Western wheat-grower is usually characterized by a certain kindliness which prompts him, as he would express it, to give the struggling small man a show. We were chatting together in the general room of the primitive wooder hotel the next night when we heard the train was expected, and the place was typical of the country. There was no attempt at ornamentation beyond a few polished buffalo horns and heads of antelope on the bare matchboarded walls. A huge stove with the pipe dismantled stood in the centre, and two cheap nickelled lamps shed down an indifferent light on the group of bronzed athletic men who, attired in fringed deerskin jackets, or more simply in old blue overalls, lounged on the hard benches or idled about the bar.

But none of them carried pistols, and no one demanded that the stranger should join him under threat of promiscuous shooting, when he called for drinks, which in accordance with a curious popular superstition the frequenter of a Western saloon should do. These were the aristocracy of that part of the prairie—sober, resourceful and indefatigable men who had broken new wheat-lands out of the virgin wilderness, and owed their present prosperity to the steadfast labor of their own hands. One or two, as I knew, could still remember the dead languages they had learned in English colleges, and others were grim Calvinists born in the bush of Ontario, who had apparently more in common with their Covenanting ancestors than the latter-day emigrants from Caledonia. They had ridden in to engage harvesters, who were expected to arrive in a body by the Pacific mail.

When we stood among the ballast

under the gaunt grain elevators beside the metals the first thing visible was a great blinking eye, which flickered like a comet beneath the dwindling telegraph-posts that vanished on the verge of the prairie. It was the blaze of the big locomotive's headlamp, and we could see it miles away, for that part of the steel band which binds London into swift communion with China and Japan, runs straight and level across the prairie. Presently, with brakes screaming, and the men who applied them clambering along the roofs above, amid a clash of loosened couplings the freight express rolled in. Our thrasher was on a flat car in the rear, and the engineer swore roundly at us and it as we made shift with an extemporized derrick to remove it. That car was wanted somewhere further on, and he was racing across a continent with machinery which mines were waiting for in British Columbia, and express cargo the *Empress* liner would land in Yokohama. Hardly had we got the thrasher clear when the couplings tightened, and with loud blasts from their funnels the two giant engines hauled the train out again, leaving one impressed with a sense of the greatness of British commerce and of the globe's littleness.

Then with a double span of oxen, in addition to the broncos tugging at their collars and testing the curiously extemporized gear, the separator lurched off across the prairie, amid good-humored if ironical queries as to where we were scheduled for, and when we expected to get there. The pace was not exhilarating, though the clear air certainly was, and some time elapsed before the clustering roofs sank from sight, while long afterwards the ugly heads of the elevators loomed up above the grass-land's rim like the topsails of a ship hull-down at sea. In other ways the same thing was suggested, for all round the compass, as far as

eye could see, swelling level beyond level, the long waves of whitened grass resembled a suddenly congealed ocean. The beat of hoofs and jingle of harness broke sharply through a deep stillness; moving shadows of man and beast, with the moon behind them fell blackly across the grass; but a sense of unreality accompanied the midnight march, and one commenced to feel that in leaving the railroad we had cast off the last link binding us to a modern world, for the prairie stretched on before us a silent mysterious waste, as it had done since the beginning.

This lasted for some hours, and then we were roused to action, for one of the deep ravines, or *coulées*, which are common in that region, opened across our way. They resemble a deep railway cutting, save that the slopes are draped with birches and willows, and wind onward in sinuous curves apparently forever. We held a consultation as to how the separator was to make the descent, but when the writer suggested we should wait till daylight, its owner objected strenuously. "We've sunk our last dollar in this machine, and she's got to get it back," he said. "While we sit here fooling, the others are coming along to scoop the contracts in, and we've to thrash for Thompson and then rustle south keeping ahead of them. You're bound to take steep chances when you're a poor man."

As a result, we commenced operations by fastening stout ropes to the rear of the concern, the other ends the sailor-man passed round the stoutest birches he could find, though there is no heavy timber upon the prairie. Then with many misgivings I trudged beside the oxen, keeping a long knife handy, however, to cut the raw-hide traces in case the machine threatened to run over them. Fortune favored us part of the time, and the birches slid upwards past us, while the groaning wheels sank into the soft trail, until

on the verge of the steepest part of the declivity we brought up panting, and I refused to lead further with the beasts. The owners, however, were far from beaten yet, and when they had made fast what the seamen called their check lines and stern warps to more trunks, proceeded, while the rest pulled back behind, to lower the apparatus down. They were doubtless thankful that all the heavy parts were not there, for presently the navigator called out in warning, there was a sound of rending timber, and after being violently jerked off our feet we were trailed behind the machine until the writer, letting go, sat breathlessly in the torn-up mould, and watched the black shape charge down the incline.

It went through two thickets, smashed several growing trees into splinters, and just when we expected to see it dive into a creek, brought up with the four wheels almost axle-deep on the very verge of the quaggy bank. Then there followed vigorous language and mutual recriminations, until I remember the navigator said, "If it's anything on clean water, I'm there every time, but when you want a blamed second-hand foundry busted down the side of a mountain you can give the contract to somebody else. Don't see any good in talking; she's here—there's no disputing that, and we've got to arrange that she isn't."

I think a couple of hours were spent in assisting the four oxen and two kicking broncos to drag the machine out and force it through brake and thicket towards a rude log bridge, while at least another was passed in desperate labor before men and beast together hauled it up the opposite incline. But the owner was an individual of resolute character, and he encouraged us breathlessly with such comments as, "We've taken the Thompsons's contract, and she's going there on time. Wake up before the flies eat

you. You've got to beat the other outfit if you pull the wheels off."

The flies were in any case almost devouring us, for the mosquitoes had risen in legions from the swampy creek, and when both hands were urgently needed it was exasperating to feel at least a dozen hovering about one's eyes, or biting at the back of one's neck. But the task was accomplished, and we had perforce to rest the beasts at dawn, while the sun was near the meridian, and the temperature trying, when, lurching over the crest of a rise, we came into sight of the Thompsons's holding. It can be fiercely hot in summer and autumn upon the prairie. Now the farms on the wide grass-lands are very much alike, and the one before us might, with small change in its surroundings, have been mistaken for many another. Under a dazzling vault of blue the parched white levels swept on in a great circle, broken only by the willows ridging the crest of a ravine, a breadth of yellow stubble, and the stooks of golden grain which had tinges of coppery red in it. A little log house rose beyond them nakedly out of the grass, with a shapeless sod stable and strawpile granary against the birch bluff behind, which formed a small oasis of cool shadow. But what interested us far more than the artistic aspect was the long trail of smoke which rose from the funnel of a twinkling engine, and one of the thrashers shouted exultantly at the sight of it.

"I guess she's waiting for us with steam enough to bust her. Oh, some one stir those beasts up, and get on a rustle before we freeze," he said. We brought in the separator at the nearest approach to a trot the tired beasts were capable of; and the word is used advisedly, for some oxen can trot, or progress with a gait which resembles it. Then, while the thrashers greeted their comrade with boisterous galeety,

Thompson and his brother came up. They were well-trained young Englishmen of the kind one may meet with every here and there all the way from Winnipeg to Calgary, and some years earlier had sunk the proceeds of their small patrimony in the prairie. Now, though he often worked fifteen hours a day, the handsome bronzed man who, clad in sun-yellowed shirt which had once been blue, wide hat and dust-caked overalls, sat on the driving seat of the wagon more resembled a cavalry officer after a hard march than a field laborer.

"We've just got some dinner ready, and hope you'll do it justice. Glad to see you, boys," he said. "Then you'd better lay back and rest an hour or so."

The former sawmill fireman, however, shook his head as he answered, "Lay off and rest be obliterated! We're working on a contract, and we're going to rush it through. If you'll keep us going with wood and water, we're ready to start right now."

The new arrivals redeemed their leader's word, and while I adjourned for refreshment toiled hard with hammer and spanner. Meantime a column of steam rolled aloft from the waiting engine, which was an antiquated and rusty contrivance of the kind one still finds doing service upon the prairie, and endangering the lives of those who fire it. Because of the scarcity of logs large enough for building and the price of sawn lumber it had also, to judge from appearances, stood out in the snow all winter. At last, however, all was ready to start, and lounging in the doorway I surveyed the scene. A glancing heat-refraction quivered across the whitened plain, and a birch bluff hung suspended above the horizon as one may notice an island do over an oily summersea. The stubble ran tall and yellow athwart it, for there being no local market for straw but little is cut with the ear, and it would have been diffi-

cult to find elsewhere such thick flinty stems. Once in forgotten days the waters of Agassiz rolled over these wide levels, and drying strewed them with rich alluvial; then growing and rotting for countless centuries the grasses piled up a foot or two of jetty mould, and the combination forms perhaps the finest wheat-soil in the world. Year after year it will return a heavy yield without fertilization. It is, however, a pity that the climate does not always match it. Also, where frost and sun had crumbled the clods of the last fall's breaking, Thompson's plough-share was in all probability the first to unlock its sealed-up treasure since the world began.

Men in wide felt hats and the usual coarse blue shirts gathered about the sheaves, for grain is perhaps most often thrashed from the field in that region, dusty teams were waiting before the light box-wagons, and in spite of the torrid heat every one seemed intent and eager, while the whole scene changed as by magic when a voice cried, "We're ready!" and the separator commenced to hum. There was a crash of torn-down stubble and a merry beat of hoofs as the wagons raced jolting towards the vibrating machine; the blast of steam died away as the cylinders drew it in, and forks flashed in the sun glare while men bent double. In insular Britain the farmer's work is spread over most of the year, but upon the prairie it must be compressed into the space between April and October, and, as the settlers know too well, there is occasionally blighting frost in autumn. Therefore, as sowing, hay-cutting and harvest follow hard upon each other, men toil at high pressure throughout the short northern summer. Unless the crop is sown and ripened early, there are heavy risks of losing it.

As a rule the Western harvesters have not the stalwart heaviness of

some of the British field hands, but it struck the writer that they were more enduring and much more ingenious, which is, however, natural in a region where artisans are scarce and a man must depend largely on his own resources, making what he needs.

Neither were all of them paid, for the small wheat-growers are a kindly race, and those whose work is finished drive long distances with their teams to assist their neighbors. If the poorer man requires more ploughs and harrows, or even working oxen, and another man has any to spare, he need only ask for them, while the wanderer in search of land or work usually follows the Apostolic custom, taking nothing with him, for he is sure of a welcome at any homestead he cares to honor with his presence. The writer digresses to mention this because throughout the Western Dominion he has been given the warmest blanket and the ploughman or trail-cutter's best, and has entertained wanderers in return, including one who was not an angel, but an escaping murderer, unaware. The latter proved a particularly pleasant companion until he departed mysteriously, leaving no address, shortly before the representatives of the law rode up.

So there was hurry and bustle, but no ill-humor, as the separator devoured the golden sheaves. Men laughed and bantered each other in the thick of the rolling dust, while those who worked for friendship vied with those who worked for money. One could see that this was an energetic, light-hearted people who met their troubles—and they had them—cheerfully, while even in case of latitude of speech it was noticeable that Western humor was rather pointed by daring originality than by aggressive foulness. There are various reasons for this contentedness, including the sense of freedom in wide spaces, and an abundance of whole-

some food. Also, it may be because on the prairie almost every one works for his own hand, and no man labors better than when he knows that each effort increases his individual prosperity; while at home the monotonous task of producing the same thing daily for the benefit of an often unknown master too frequently prevents the toiler taking an intelligent interest in his avocation. The successful prairie farmer must on the other hand, combine the functions of builder, engineer's fitter and carpenter with his own, and thus by constantly exercising his powers of invention, becomes fitted to grapple with any emergency. There are disadvantages to the individual in the system which provides each man in return for money with what he needs ready made.

After all, men are the most important product of any soil, and the best that any new country can do is to increase, not necessarily the riches, but the bodily and mental vigor besides the happiness of the human kind. In regard to its second product, grain, the wheat, we estimated, would thrash out twenty-five bushels to the acre at least, and the oats fifty; while the Thompsons's 320 acres, partly "broken," had cost them several years' hard labor, besides the equivalent of some £500 sterling. There are men who began with nothing at all, but, besides being possessed of unusual energy and strength, they were also unusually lucky. That crop would increase their bank balance, but it was hardly an average one, because in some seasons a portion or all is smitten down by devastating hail, eaten by the gophers, or shrivelled by autumn frost. From July throughout August many an anxious eye watches the barometer, and while grimed thick with dust I assisted in feeding the insatiable separator and found time for an occasional glance across the splendid field, I remembered another season when the

tall green blades had been reaped by the pitiless hail, and ruin was spread in chequers across the face of the prairie, one field standing untouched, and the next utterly blotted out. The havoc was completed in twenty minutes, after which the sun shone hot, but ice lumps almost as large as walnuts can do much damage in even a shorter time.

The gopher also deserves a passing mention, because he is a factor in the prosperity or otherwise of the great Northwest, and for his especial benefit the Government provided the settlers with free strychnine. He resembles an English squirrel, but burrows in the ground, and when numerous can clean up a field of grain almost as effectively as a Toronto binder. Also, tunnelling near the wells, scores often perish therein, so that when the farmer has no time to fish them out it happens that all one's food is flavored with gopher extract. But, as it is at sea with the cockroaches in the pannikin, one gets used to this, and some even profess to find it relishing. We rested some of the beasts perforce for an hour or two presently, and the owners thereof seized the opportunity of effecting further repairs to the separator. "She's got a blamed binder wire fooling round in her inside," one informed me. "I guess we've got to operate before it busts her."

It may be remarked that without the automatic binder, which, as everybody knows, ties up as well as cuts the crop, there would be much less wheat grown upon the prairie. Labor is costly, prices are low, and the binder is both tireless and almost human in its action. Still, it long puzzled inventors to design an apparatus that would tie a knot in twine, and accordingly hard steel wire, which the machine twisted together and broke off, was used instead. Thompson, pressed to save time, had, however, rashly employed one of the

early specimens he had either found or purchased somewhere at scrap-iron price, with the result that a piece of springy wire was causing trouble inside the separator.

The sod stable I led the beasts into was the work of its owners' hands, built several feet thick and roofed with the same material piled over a birch branch framing; and as I gathered armfuls of the harsh and wiry prairie hay redolent of wild peppermint, I remembered how we had toiled from dawn to sunset cutting it. Artificial grasses are not grown in that region, and the farmer depends on the natural product to feed his working beasts. This grass grows only a few inches high upon the levels, and it is therefore necessary to seek it in the dried-up sloos, which are lakes formed by melting snow, where it sometimes rises more than waist-high. It is made ready by the sun, and one has only to drive the mower through and convey it home, though the distance dividing homestead and hayfield may be anything under eight miles or so. Then it became my privilege to assist Thompson junior in his cooking, and when we emptied the chicken-shed I held the fowls upon the block while, with a heavy axe, he decapitated them. We had spun a coin for the choice of occupations. A jet of steam from the engine helped the feathers out, and I wondered what Thompson's English friends, who wrote him letters on crested paper, would say if they saw him sprinkled all over with soot and fibrous dust, as well as ensanguined plumage, trussing fowls by the dozen. No part of the operation was exactly pleasant, for beheaded fowls do not always give up the ghost immediately.

The moon was climbing blood-red above the edge of the dewy grass when we drew the engine fires and had supper ready. It was spread on boards in the open, because there was no room in

the house for half that company, and the men fed as they had worked, heroically. Fowls, potatoes, stewed dried apples, which is probably flavored glucose, disappeared with a rapidity which kept the two cooks in a state of frantic hurry, and there were gallons of strong green tea. That, however, as usual, was the only liquor. Then while some lay prone smoking the inevitable T. and B., a neighbor rose up to say, "We have to thank the Thompson brothers for a high-class spread, and if the engine holds out we're going to square the deal. They staked high on the weather, and they've won a record crop. Now, for the credit of the prairie, it's our business to see them safely through with it."

"That's so," answered the owner of the thrasher. "There'll be a record thrashing, too, or we'll blow up some one with the old machine;" and there were murmurs of sincere, if quaintly expressed goodwill when Thompson made his acknowledgements. He stood up under the moonlight, brown-bearded, supple but stalwart, with one hand on his hip, and again it struck me that here one might see to what perfection of vigor and stature our surplus peoples may grow in the new lands of the West. Then from out of the straw-pile's shadow merry music drifted across the prairie, and some of the more energetic fell to dancing quaint and many-stepped measures, the lady wearing a band of wheat straw about one corded arm, while as usual the dances were combined from those of ancient France and Caledonia. A French-Canadian from Quebec wiled sweet music from a battered violin, and his companion was an Ontario Scotchman, which was fitting; for though the prevalent tone of the prairie is English in the narrower sense of the word, these two races, the one fore-running with snowshoe, trap and rifle, and the other following with axe and

plough, have between them done much for the development of the Dominion.

But at last eyes grew heavy, and even those hard limbs weary, so, some in the stable, some in the strawpille granary, or strewn about the floor of the house, the harvesters sank into slumber. Then after Thompson junior and I had collected the remnant of the feast, and decided, after much discussion where we were going to procure the next meal from, a deep hush settled down upon the moonlit prairie, which seemed to roll away before us out of

reach of mortals' knowledge into infinity. Through it at intervals came the far-off and eerie call of a wandering coyote, then utter stillness again, until a faint clinking commenced, and with a smile I realized that the engineer could not resist attempting another improvement to his dangerous machine. So, with the intermittent clank of steel and an occasional anathema from a tired man for lullaby, I sank into deep slumber, which lasted until the first daylight roused us to commence the work again.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

Harold Bindloss.

AUBREY DE VERE.

(Born, January 10, 1814; Died, January 20, 1902.)

In the far romantic morning where the giant bards together,
Ringed with dew and light and music, struck their lyres in
golden weather,
Came a child and stood beside them, gazed adoring in their
eyes,
Hushed his little heart in worship of a race so bland and wise.

They are gone, those gods and giants, caught Elijah-like to
glory,
And their triumphs and their sorrows are a part of England's
story;
Years and years ago they vanished; but the child, who loved
them well,
Still has wandered among mortals with a tale of them to tell,

Theirs were voices heard like harps above the congregated
thunder;
His, a trembling hymn to beauty, or a breath of whispered
wonder;
When the world's tongue spoke his vanished; but below the
turmoil rolled
Fragments of romantic rapture, echoes of the age of gold.

Others stun the years to homage with their novelty and splendor;
He was shy and backward-gazing, but his noiseless soul was
tender.
When he sang, the birds sang louder, for his accents, low and
clear,
Never hushed a mourning cushat, never scared a sunning deer.

Village Superstitions.

Now the last of all who communed with the mighty men has
perished;
He is part of that eternity he prophesied and cherished;
Now the child, the whisperer passes; now extremity of age
Shuts the pure memorial volume, turns the long and stainless
page.

Where some westward-hurrying river to the bright Atlantic
dashes,

In some faint enchanted Celtic woodland lay this poet's ashes,
That the souls of those old masters whom the clans of song
hold dear,

May return to hover nightly o'er the grave of their De Vere.

Edmund Gosse.

The Fortnightly Review.

VILLAGE SUPERSTITIONS.

It is scarcely surprising in the present age of restless credulity, when crystal-gazing, palmistry and other similar practices prevail among the upper classes, that among the so-called lower orders many ancient superstitions still hold sway. They are, for the most part, simple in character and redolent of Nature. They deal chiefly with the elementary facts of life: birth, death and that which occupies much of the intervening space—love between man and woman—being the main subjects around which the people's quaint fancies cling. Though by no means inclined to despise "good luck" and the omens that make therefor, the villagers are beginning to understand that it depends less on fortuitous circumstances than on industry and common-sense. Not long ago a widespread belief obtained that evil would befall the bee-keeper who sold his swarms, a superstition which in some counties was watered down sufficiently to admit of gold being accepted as an innocuous tender. "But," to quote a rustic authority, "folks don't think much nowadays o' the bad luck that stan's in the way o' makin' money; they mos'n

gen'ly takes all as comes, an' if they can't get gold, they'll put up wi' silver." To meddle with church bees is almost universally conceded to be lost labor, since swarms ecclesiastical—those, namely, which elect to dwell beneath the lead roof of the sacred building—lay up no store of golden honey and come to an untimely end if removed and placed amid profane surroundings.

The signs of ill-fortune are far more numerous than those portending good, which is perhaps natural since life at the best of times is somewhat of a struggle for the poor, and trouble is a more certain visitor beside their hearths than joy. These dark omens cluster thick about the birth and early days of village infants, who are beset with so many and diverse perils that one marvels that any manage to survive and reach the comparative safety of adolescence. The time of entry into the world may be unpropitious, for not all months of the year are favorable (May in particular is believed to exercise a malign influence over young creatures); nor, again, is every year auspicious. Granted, however, that the new arrival

is born at a fortunate moment, a careful watch must still be maintained to safeguard its career. It must not be taken downstairs before it has been carried up, or it will descend within the year, for the last time, in its tiny coffin. This being the case, a conscientious nurse will contrive a flight of steps in the bedroom with the aid of a stool, a box and a chair, and will thus secure her charge from premature dissolution. Vague evils, the more to be dreaded from their indeterminate character, threaten the child whose hair and nails are cut during the first twelve months of its existence, and should it fail to "squatch" at its baptism it is regarded as already marked for death. Indeed, the portents which herald the King of Shadows are innumerable. A dog lifts up its voice in long-drawn howls when the rest of the world is asleep; an owl hoots in the sunshine, or flies screeching over the house at the ghostly hour of midnight; a bird taps persistently on the window-pane—each and all to deliver the same message, that Death is standing at the elbow of friend or relative beloved by the hearer, who, it should be noted, never thinks of associating the idea of his own decease with the most awe-inspiring sign.

Often the shadow which announces the forthcoming event bears so small a resemblance to the substance that an untrained eye has difficulty in recognizing the relationship between them, as when an elderly dame related how while she sat at needlework one winter evening the lamp threw "a lovely white shine" upon the ceiling. "Twice it flimmered ther' an' then it went away. I sez to myself, 'Summat's a-gwine to happen, that light never come for nothink;' an' sure anuff the nex' dey I heard as my grandchild, a beautiful bwoy just ten months old, wur dead. I should ha' bin wunnerful

upset if it hadn't ha' bin for the warn-in' ma beforehand."

Many people believe that May-blossom brings death with it into the house; and there is another—a daintier superstition—connected with this pretty flower. Young maidens have no need to observe the ceremonies of chill St. Agnes' Eve. Let them wait until the hawthorn breaks into bloom, then place beneath their pillows the first snowy spray they see, and their true love will come to them in visions "upon the honeyed middle of the night." Those wishful to pry into futurity should reckon up on nine successive evenings the stars that form the constellation of the Great Bear, and the first unmarried man whom they encounter on the tenth morning will be their future mate. Again, the spinster desirous of learning the limit of her term of single blessedness has but to count how many times the cuckoo calls when she first hears him in the spring, and he will tell her the years that will elapse before she change her state.

The new moon, as most people are aware, exercises a powerful influence for good or evil upon individual lives (not to mention the money in one's pocket), and he who would secure her favor must treat her with befitting respect. The writer has seen a village girl stop short in the middle of the high road and drop seven rapid curtseys to the pale, slender crescent overhead, thereby ensuring, so she believed, good fortune through the coming month and the fulfilment of her dearest wish. The action, which struck the onlooker with a sharp sense of incongruity, carried back the mind down the long vista of centuries to those dim ages when, under her various titles, the moon—"walking in brightness"—enticed men's hearts so that, forgetting the Creator, they bowed the knee to the thing created and "denied the God that is above." Another curious supersti-

tion is one which says that the seed for cabbages must be sown the first or second day after the full moon, or the plants when grown will run to seed and have no heart. Somewhat similar to this is the belief, held now by the older rustics alone, that it is unlucky to plant potatoes on Good Friday. The younger generation finds it convenient to ignore this idea.

On the subject of ghosts the village is divided. Some people beg the question by a bold assertion that "ther' ben't sich things, an' them as sez they sees 'um on'y thinks 'um does." Others, more cautious, are of opinion that "ther' med be ghostes or ther' medn't;" they had never beheld any themselves, but they knew folks who had. A third section maintains that not only are they to be seen, but if proper etiquette be observed they will not disdain to converse with mortals. If "spoken rough"—namely, addressed in dialect—they will refuse to answer, and will, moreover make their presence disagreeably manifest. There is a story current that two young girls were walking home one misty night when a man, as they thought, came up behind them. They called to him:—"Who be? what be doin' year?" an' he answered never a word, 'cause, 'ee knaw, they'd spake 'un rough, but walked by 'um pace fur pace. Then they saw 'twurn't a man, but *Summat*. When they got to their door it vanished in a flame o' red fire, an' one o' the girls wur that frowtened she went off into fit, an' she kep' gwine off in 'um till she died." It will be noticed that the narrator of the above anecdote shrank from using the word "ghost." The more elastic term "*Summat*" or "*Things*" is preferred, as being less personal, and covering spiritual appearances of any shape and size, from the ghostly calf which lurks behind the trees at a certain notorious corner, to the headless man who performs the acrobatic feat

of standing in a ditch on the missing portion of his anatomy for the delectation of travellers along the high road.

The following circumstantial story was told to the writer by a working woman who implicitly accepted every word, and rather seemed to regret that she had not enjoyed a like experience. "There was an ooman who worked w' me in the field as said an ooman telled she as she'd sin *Summat*. The ooman as sin It had a bad leg, an' she usted to sit up in the middle o' the night to dress 'un. She was a-doin' it one night when *Summat* came an' hung out the beautif'lest baby clo'es as ever you sin on a cheer in front o' the fire. An' It brought out a pin-cush stuck all round w' pins in words. Thinks the ooman—'That's a nice pin-cush, I'll ha' 'e.' She stretches out her hand fur'n, an' she puts 'un in her box, but when she goes nex' marnin' to look, ther' was narra a pin-cush ther'! That night It come agen, an', thinks she, 'I'll spake to 'Un an' ax' 'Un what 'Un wants.' So she sez—'Gloory be to the Father an' to the Son an' to the Holy Ghost—Amen. What troublest Thou?' An' It answered—'Fear not,' so she knew that He 'udn't hurt she." There is a fine touch of nature about that part of the story which treats of the "pin-cush!"

A belief in witchcraft still exists in some rural districts, though the people who hold it are sometimes shy of confessing the same, lest they should incur the ridicule of their more enlightened neighbors. Not long ago an old woman died who was popularly credited with the power of being able to assume any form that pleased her fancy. She lived in a wretched hut built on a strip of waste land outside a village well known to the writer, and her favorite pastime was said to be masquerading under the guise of a hare. One day a coursing match was held in the fields near her cottage, when the grayhounds seized a hare, which, however,

contrived to escape at the cost of a gaping wound in its flank. Shortly afterwards the old woman died, and when she was laid out a similar wound was found in her side, which was proof positive, the rustics affirmed, that she and poor puss were identical!

It has already been stated that some among the villagers reject tales of ghosts and witches as old wives' fables. The dictum of one hardy sceptic

The Spectator.

is worth quoting as an example of shrewd reasoning: "I dwun't believe in ghostes an' sich," said he; "why should I, seein' I never sin nothink wusser nor meself all my life long? I looks at it this way, luk 'ee—If sa be as they be gone to the right place, 'tis sartin sure as they wun't keer to come back year agen. If sa be as they be gone to t'other, they wun't let 'um come, bless 'ee."

THE CHILDREN'S BREAD.

Well, James? The Walts? No, tell them not to—oh! It's Mr. Wace. How very . . . How d'ye do?
Oh, not at all. Delightful! James, bring tea.
You've brought the cold in with you.—Oh! and, James, Don't go before I've finished speaking, please,—
Tell them to air *Miss Fido's* Jaeger sheets,
At once. Poor love, she's perished with this weather.
Yes, isn't it? Ah yes, the poor. Quite so!
They must. I'm sure they do. But you're so wrong,
You clergy. Yes, you are. You coddle them.
Oh, but you do, you know. You know you do.
Won't you sit down? You'll find—oh, no, not there!
Take care! My precious *Fido*! Is she hurt?
My sainty dainty! How you frightened me.
Shall have a biccy, precious. Would you mind?
So many thanks. That silver *bonbonnière*.
He's werry sorry, pet, so don't be cross.
Give him a nice wet kiss.

Ah, here comes tea.

Sugar and cream? One lump? Thanks, not for me.
I'll wait, I think, till you have—afterwards.
Now tell me, are you fond of—yes? How nice!
Well then I must—I wonder if you'd like
To see her little things, her odds and ends,
And all her clothes—yes, *Fido's*. Sure you would?
Yes, get them, James, and don't forget the plates.
Oh, yes, her very own. She never eats
Off anything but silver,—never has.

Another cup? No? Well, I think you're wise:
It does destroy one's appetite for dinner.
And—yes, my sweet, what is it? Oh, of course!
Her dinner. Yes, she always knows that word.

The Children's Bread.

Isn't it sweet of her? Yes, clever one
 Shall have its little din-din by-and-by.
 Oh, put them here, James. Yes. And tell the cook
 To mince *Miss Fido's* kidneys very fine,
 And send them up directly they are done.
 She's positively starving, precious love.
 But—are there really? Children? Very sad!
 Improvidence, no doubt,—and drink, of course.
 But still it's most distressing.

Oh, don't go.

It's only parish business, I suppose?
 To carry lukewarm soup to some old woman,
 Or—is it that? What nonsense. Let her wait.
 Sit down again. Now, don't you like this brooch?
 Sweet, isn't it? Oh, dear me, no, they're real,
 Yes, diamonds. Let's see. I gave it her.
 This time last year. I made them put the date
 In pearls. My own design. I always think—
 Don't you?—that Christmas is the time we ought
 To give to others of our very best.

Oh, but of course. Your Coal and Clothing Club?
 Delighted. Now this bangle, don't you think
 It's rather nice. A cat's-eye. No, quite cheap.
 Oh, those. Her little india rubber shoes.
 Yes, for wet weather. She's so delicate,
 Poor precious darling. That's her *saut-de-lit*:
 Real Mechlin, yes. And here, you see, she's got
 A weeny pocket for her handkerchief.
 What's this? Oh, no; please wrap it up again.
 She mustn't see it yet. Her Christmas-box.
 A little sable coat. I've had it lined
 With mink. It's—not so very. Thirty pounds
 I think it was. It's much too cold for her
 To be in England now that winter's here.
 She simply had to have it.

Must you go?

Well, if you really—ah, the Clothing Club!
 I quite forgot. What did I give last year?
 Five shillings? Well I'll—yes, I'll make it ten.
 And half-a-crown from *Fido*: twelve and six.
 No, please don't thank me. It's the merest—what?
 Put *Fido* in your sermon! But how sweet!
 And what will be your text? "The Children's Bread!"
 That sounds quite charming, though I must confess.
 I don't see what it has to do with dogs.
 Oh, shall I? Yes, of course I'll come. Goodbye.

Punch.

G. F. C.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Under the title of "Contentio Veritas" a manifesto is about to be published in England, which is similar to "Lux Mundi," but from a different point of view. Six Oxford tutors are joint authors of the book.

Lord Rosebery is reported to be putting the finishing touches upon a novel, and it is said that, with all his other occupations, he has found time to rewrite the manuscript three times. No hint is given of its title or plot, but one of the London journals suggests wickedly that it should be called "The Lonely Furrow."

Life was none too dull or decent at the "Merry Monarch's" court, and the number of amours, abductions and duels with which Knox Magee has seen fit to season his story of "Mark Everard" may not be beyond the limits of historical possibility. But it is certainly enough to sicken the most hardened reader of historical fiction. The writer of "With Ring of Shield" should do better work than this. R. F. Fenno & Co.

The Macmillans make the interesting announcement of the extension of their "English Men of Letters Series" to the United States by the addition of American biographies. Among those now in preparation are volumes on Lowell by Dr. Van Dyke, on Emerson by George Edward Woodberry, on Franklin by Owen Wister, and on Poe by William Peterfield Trent. In the original series, Mr. Beeching's "Jane Austen," Mr. Paul's "Arnold," and Mr. Birrell's "Hazlitt" are nearly ready.

Archbishop Benson's "Addresses on the Acts of the Apostles" are about to

be published by the Macmillans, and their publication is particularly timely as the International Sunday School lessons are in that book the present year. The addresses have been edited under considerable difficulties, by the Archbishop's daughter, Miss Margaret Benson. They were never written out, and were delivered from very brief notes. It was only toward the close of the course that a short-hand writer was employed by the Duchess of Bedford to take the addresses down.

Apropos of the assertion by London correspondents that the latest form of the "American peril" is the invasion of the English markets by popular American novels, the "New York Evening Post" anticipates that the next thing will be cable despatches of some such tenor as that:—

"Macmillan was caught 100,000 copies short on the 'Octopus,' contracted for immediate delivery; that agents skinned the provincial towns for copies, and rushed them in by special trains; that, in spite of every effort to fill orders, the price jumped from \$1.50 to \$2.85; and that, to pull out, Macmillan unloaded 200,000 of the 'Helmet of Navarre' at a sacrifice, and hammered the price of that book down to \$0.63. Notwithstanding a savage bear attack on 'Eben Holden'—from the interests backing 'To Have and to Hold'—the price was well sustained all day, and at the close of business fell off only two points. The bull movement for the 'Ruling Passion' forced the quotations up seven points amid the wildest excitement, but fortunately most of the heavy operators were able to cover their margins—though one well-known bookseller slaughtered all his holdings of Cable's 'Cavaller,' in order to do so. The opening of the market to-morrow is awaited with feverish anxiety."

ODE TO FORGOTTEN AUTHORS.

What though your humble names are
never heard
In these ungracious days,
Yet by your words were many bosoms
stirred
What time you piped your lays!
Then, your quaint prose or long-forgot-
ten verse
Some student, it might be,
Would to his comrades lovingly re-
hearse,
So long ago, ah, me!

Among you may be some who in their
time
Swayed many a heart, I trow;
Not to have read you almost seemed
a crime
To those who prized you so!
Your names were once upon the lips
of men.
Your volumes by their side,
They praised those prosings of your
fluent pen
We "moderns" should deride!

And others of you who in numbers
chose
To ease their teeming brain,
For some had all the sweetness of the
rose,
The music of the rain.
Your books were read by many a crys-
tal rill.
In sweet Julys long dead,
Or gladly conned when winter nights
were chill,
And cheery fires burnt red.

And now your works are overlaid with
dust,
They share oblivion's night;
Till in the box some hand by chance is
thrust,
And drags one to the light!
The page for centuries closed we turn
once more,
Then, smiling, go our way,
Harder to please than in the days of
yore—
Well, well, you had your day.

F. B. Doveton.

The Academy.

LOVE THE GAOLER.

Love came one Day, one wintry Day,
And tapped upon the Window of my
Heart.
He saw that I was young, and free,
and gay.
None can be free and glad some if he
stay,
And so he came—no more will he de-
part.

O cruel Love! that could not brook
To see the Brightness of my Dawn of
Life.
My slender Heart's-defences down he
shook
With but one Word, one Tone, one
Touch, one Look,
And all is changed to Bitterness and
Strife.

My Happiness is turned to Pain;
My Wings are clipped, their Course yet
half untried.
The Gaoler Love has bound me with
a Chain
I cannot break, however I may strain,
And thrown the Prison-door, in Mock-
ery, wide.

Lady Helen Forbes.

The Rambler.

RONDEAU.

If she were mine, my blushing May,
In all her beauty, fresh and gay—
In all her love and loveliness—
Forgotten were my heart's distress
And life would be eternal day.

And Gladys, too, with eyes of gray
And curls in charming disarray,
My joy, perhaps, were not the less
If she were mine.

And Mabel, ah, the blue-eyed fay!
And Daphne, with her luring way!
Alas! my heart must fain confess
Its wild and wanton fickleness,
Since thus of each it loves to say:

"If she were mine!"

Fred G. Webb.

Household Words.

